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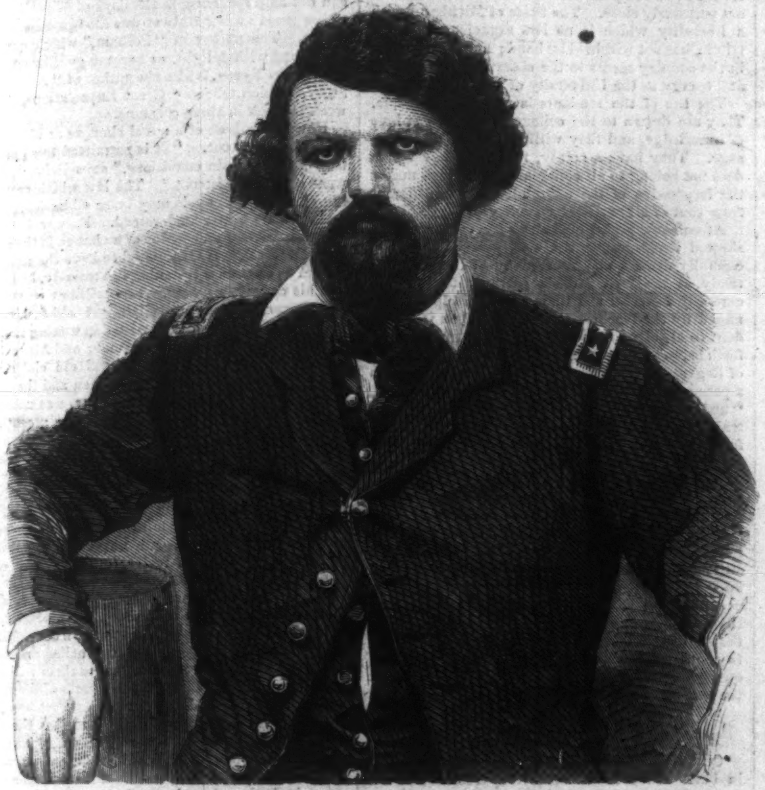
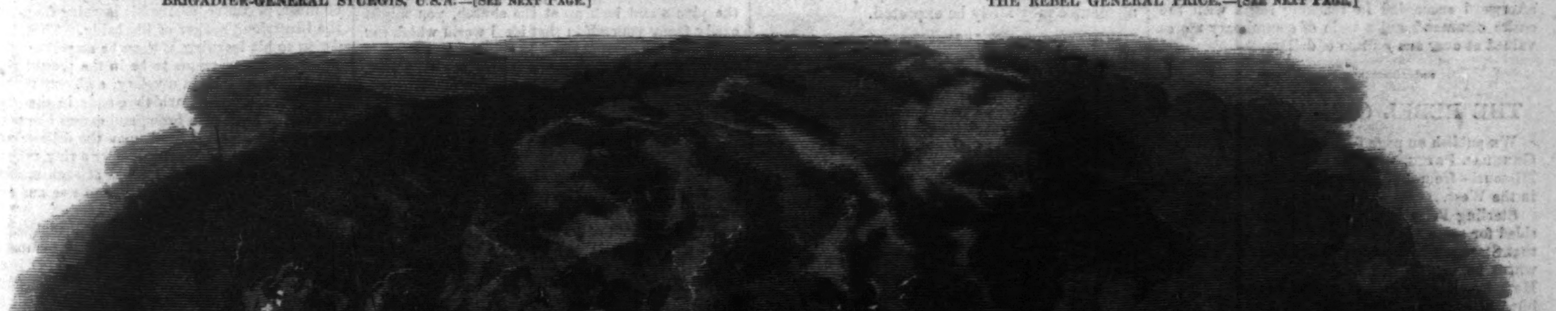


BRIGADIER-GENERAL STURGIS, U.S.A.—[See next Page.]

THE REBEL GENERAL PRICE.—[See next Page.]



THE BURNING OF THE PRIVATEER "JUDITH," AT PENSACOLA, BY UNITED STATES SAILORS UNDER LIEUTENANT RUSSELL, U.S.N.—[See Page 655.]

BRIG.-GEN. S. D. STURGIS.

ON page 641 will be found a portrait (from a photograph sent us by our Western artist) of this distinguished officer, who has lately been promoted from the rank of Major in the First Cavalry to a Brigadier-Generalship, and is now actively engaged in suppressing rebellion in Northern Missouri.

GENERAL STURGIS was born in Pennsylvania in 1822, was appointed a Cadet at West Point in 1842, graduated in the same class with General M'Clellan in 1846, and immediately proceeded to join the army under General Taylor in Mexico the same year. He was taken prisoner on the 20th of February, 1847, two days before the battle of Buena Vista, while reconnoitring the enemy with but one man. To this act of daring is attributed much of the success of the battle of Buena Vista, as it was the first reliable information General Taylor had of the exact whereabouts of the enemy, and caused him to fall back and take the strong position which saved him the battle. After the Mexican War Lieutenant Sturgis accompanied Major Graham's command to California, and was constantly in active service there. He was promoted First Lieutenant First Dragoons in 1853, and in 1855 he was promoted to Captaincy in the First Cavalry for distinguished gallantry in a fight with the Mescalara Indians, for which he also received a vote of thanks from the Legislature of New Mexico. He was in the battle of Ojo Caliente, under Colonel Cooke, in 1854; also in the battle against the Cheyennes, under Colonel Sumner, in 1857. He led a column of six companies of cavalry against the Kiowas and Comanches in 1860, overtaking them after a long and tedious march through the sand in the hottest of weather for weeks, and completely routing a large force. Returning from the Plains, he suppressed the difficulties upon the Cherokee neutral lands. When lately in command of Fort Smith, all of his officers having resigned and gone South, with a garrison of two small companies of cavalry, no cannon or fortifications, he thwarted a well-contrived plan of the citizens of the city, in conjunction with the Governor of the State, to take the post, without having previously had any positive information of their intentions. He got his small force ready, and about half an hour before the Governor's forces arrived from Little Rock with ten pieces of artillery, he withdrew his command, taking all that was valuable, including twenty-five wagons, commissary stores, etc., retreating 170 miles to Fort Washita. For this he received a letter of thanks from Colonel Emory. He was promoted to the rank of Major First Cavalry, May, 1861. He commanded the column which moved down from Fort Leavenworth and joined General Lyon on Grande River, July 7, 1861. At the battle of Springfield, General Lyon, seeming to have a presentiment that all would not go well with him, told Major Sturgis to keep near him. When the General fell Major Sturgis assumed the command, and for three hours after that desperate fight continued, his little command holding out against about seven times their number. After forcing the enemy to fall back, repulsing all their desperate charges, he found his little army too much crippled to follow them without almost a certainty of losing every thing. He therefore withdrew his force to Springfield, and afterward succeeded in reaching Rolla with the entire command and a train of commissary stores valued at over one million of dollars.

THE REBEL GENERAL PRICE.

WE publish on page 641 a portrait of the REBEL GENERAL PRICE, who has just taken Lexington, Missouri—from a photograph sent us by our artist in the West.

Sterling Price is a native of Virginia, and resided for some time in Prince William County in that State. From thence he removed to Missouri, where he has resided for the last twenty years. He is by profession a lawyer, has occupied several important positions in the State service, and has also represented it in Congress. He was Governor before Robert Stewart. During the Mexican war he served in the Volunteers and rose to the rank of Colonel of Cavalry, and subsequently to that of Brigadier-General of Volunteers. When the Rebellion broke out he avowed himself a traitor, and was appointed by ex-Governor Claiborne Jackson Major-General of the State Militia of Missouri.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

OPERATIONS IN THE GULF.

IT is generally understood that the Government has chartered the *Baltic*, *Atlantic*, some or all of Vanderbilt's steam fleet, and other steamships now lying in the port of New York. The event indicates the early departure of one or more of the expeditions to which we alluded in our last number but one. Common rumor asserts that two of these expeditions are to be fused together, and that a body of 15,000 men, with not less than 300 guns, will operate against a single point on the Southern coast.

Speculation is naturally rife on the subject of the point to be assailed. Not a few would be glad to hear that Charleston had been attacked and reduced. Our present troubles have arisen in great degree from the spite and malevolence of the people of Charleston. Unwilling to accept their own decline and fall as an inevitable fact, the people of South Carolina, in the vain hope of saving themselves, have involved the whole continent in bloodshed, and it would be only a righteous retribution if Charleston were bombarded and its harbor forever closed. An attack upon Savannah is recommended by the fact that there is a large Union party in Georgia, which would become active in the event of a landing being effected by our troops. Mobile, Pensacola, and New Orleans all invite attack. The occupation of any one of the three would probably reopen the cotton trade. Pensacola could be occupied under cover of the guns of Fort Pickens without difficulty and with a small force. Mobile and New Orleans would require more men and a more elaborate expedition. But the force now being fitted out in the Northern ports would suffice. A much smaller force would be adequate to seize Beaufort, North Carolina, or Port Royal, South Carolina, or Brunswick, Georgia, or any port in Florida or Texas.

Letters from the Gulf state that we have already occupied Mississippi City, and cut off the communication between New Orleans and Mobile. Various points at the mouth of the Mississippi have likewise been occupied by men detached from our ships of war. These landings, considered in connection with the preparations of General Frémont in the West, would seem to indicate the mouth of the Mississippi as the probable destination of the great expedition which is expected to sail southward; though of course nothing is known on the subject, and it is quite likely that the Government may have encouraged the belief that an attack was intended to be made at New Orleans, when, in reality, Charleston, or Savannah, or Pensacola, or Mobile were the points in view.

The importance of the capture and occupation of one or more Southern ports entirely depends on the nature of the occupation. Merely to hold Charleston, or Mobile, or New Orleans, and there administer the laws of the State of South Carolina, or Alabama, or Louisiana, would not inconvenience the rebels, and would not tend to bring the rebellion to a close. All the rebels who could would leave for the interior; the others would submit under protest, and, while trying to make as much money as they could out of our army, and devolving upon us the duty of doing their police duty at our expense, would hold themselves prepared to assist the rebels of the interior in expelling us as soon as it was safe to do so. In this country the interior does not follow the dominion of the seaboard. During the revolutionary war, Boston, Newport, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston were generally in the hands of the British, and yet, from first to last, their cause was desperate. If we are to gain any substantial advantage by the occupation of Southern ports, that occupation must involve intolerable inconveniences and dangers to the Southern people; then they will begin to weigh the policy of submission to the Government; and overtures for reconciliation by the surrender of their ringleaders and the return of the people to their allegiance may fairly be expected.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

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THE LOUNGER.

THE POST OF DUTY.

THERE seems at length to be a real effort to call men who are not mercenary politicians into the public service. Of course it is an incident of the war, nor is it likely to last forever. Yet we shall have had a sharp lesson, and it will be remembered for a generation at least.

The names of well-known citizens are mentioned as probable candidates for the Assembly, the Senate, etc. The nomination will be a test of patriotism. Men of large and various relations in life can not easily go to Albany. Merchants, bankers, lawyers, manufacturers of immense business, can only go there at a sore sacrifice of time, money, and inclination.

But is not that the very sacrifice which the times demand? Can they show more plainly their hearty devotion to the great cause, or their clear perception of its peculiar wants at the moment, than by accepting the offices that may be offered them?

It has always been our national reproach that our best and wisest men abstained from active interest in public affairs. The political constitution of other countries compels the co-operation of the great proprietors, and invites, by every prize that can allure ambition, the efforts of gifted and sagacious men. But with us political service, while it may readily be prostituted to venal ends, offers but an elusive prize to ambition. We must serve for duty's sake. It is the tax we must pay. And who loves to pay taxes?

Gentlemen who may be called upon to serve, and who recoil from the hard service, let your friends and constituents see, in your ready acceptance, that the great system we are all trying to save is fully worth saving.

IN PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.

THE University of Michigan is the most amply endowed college in the West, and one of the most completely equipped in the country. It is situated delightfully at Ann Arbor, two or three hours west of Detroit, upon the Michigan Central Railroad. The head of the university is Dr. Tappan, an eminent scholar, a man of the most enlarged views, who has already impressed himself upon the history of education in this country. Dr. Brunnow, one of the younger astronomers who have made a name, fills the chair of astronomy. He was called to the Dudley Observatory upon the retirement of Dr. Gould; but he is a man who goes for work rather than show, and the somewhat ornamental position at Albany was less agreeable to him than the post of labor at Ann Arbor, where he was not expected to discover a new comet every month. Andrew D. White is Professor of History and Belles Lettres: an ardent and elegant scholar, a devoted and beloved teacher, a generous and noble man. Professor Frieze is the accomplished teacher of Latin, and the body of instructors are animated by the most intelligent interest in their pursuit. The situation of their University, the pioneer of letters upon the prairies, binds this band of scholars peculiarly close. The State of Michigan, with a liberality which is no less sagacious than patriotic, has not withheld its hand; and no seminary in the country seems to the observer so full of life and energy as the University of Michigan.

The life of the students is necessarily simple. They are drawn to the college by an earnest love of knowledge, and they willingly work their passage. They have a manly, robust quality which does not belong to all collegians, and which makes the impression of the university a little different from that of all our Eastern colleges.

At an early period of the war the military spirit showed itself among the students. They were carefully drilled, and very many of them are already at the war. Their patriotic feeling was carefully fostered, and their manly discipline promoted by the teachers. And now, when it is evident to all of us that all our schools must henceforth be, in some degree, military schools, the Board of Regents are considering a resolution to establish a permanent military department in the university, "under the conviction that this work" [of military training] "can be more economically performed for the State in this university, where civil engineering, the higher mathematics, the modern languages, the natural sciences, and other studies connected with a military education are now taught, than any where else in the State."

The plan is so admirable that it can hardly fail to be adopted in other colleges also. That we are still men, although republicans—that Governments must be defended from traitors as well as foreign enemies—and that we have entirely disregarded the warning to prepare in peace for war, are points that will no longer be doubted or discussed. *How* to prepare for war in peace is now the practical question: and the University of Michigan leads the way in the practical answer.

A ZONE OF FLOWERS.

ONE of the most delightful sights to a stranger in Paris is the flower market by the Madeleine. In the sunny spring mornings, as you stroll among the plants and look up at the church, you might easily fancy yourself in that ideal world which the poet Claude Lorraine loved to paint. But Paris is never contented with what it has accomplished. It must go on and fulfill its destiny of being the most magnificent metropolis and the most beautiful city in the world.

Monsieur Reydenouarde proposes now to gird Paris with a zone of flowers, without taking an inch of ground from any citizen or drawing upon the State treasury. The projector is a famous botanist and horticulturist, and has been for some years at the head of a Government commission of floral and rural science exploring in South America. His plan, as briefly stated in the London *Press*, is as follows:

"He proposes to the State to transform the fortifications and the earth-works facing the city, both of which are now so much unproductive waste ground, into a great *pepiniere d'acclimation*, or a nursery for exotics of every possible kind, whether from cold or hot countries, according to the aspects of the ditch, wall, and earth-works. The administration of this garden, which he guarantees to form with a given capital for the commencement of operations, would pay to the State a certain rate per hectare, undertake to cultivate no species of parasitical fruit or flower that would be injurious to the wall or difficult to remove in case an enemy were expected, to sell at a low market price the produce of the fortifications, and in the space of two years and a half clear all expenses that the society may incur in carrying out the project."

His friends, the Parisian savans who have a right to opinions in such matters, declare that the hygienic effects of a vast zone of flowers around the walls would be most beneficial, by absorbing the noxious gases which are bred by the city. Moreover the Emperor approves, and has opened the matter to the Council of State, which, in turn, has whispered it to the Prefect of the Seine. Still a name was wanting. The "project of M. Reydenouarde" would never do. Luckily Lamartine has a cottage near the fortifications at Antent. The projector wrote to him, describing the plan. The poet replied, thanking him, and saying that *Le Jardin de Ceinture*—which may be rendered the Flower Zone of the City—would become the crowning pride of the Parisians.

New York could not well have a flower zone, because she has no zone of forts; but when are we to have a flower market? We have beautiful flower shows, especially in Brooklyn; and New York is girdled with gardens. At the various markets, too, there is a goodly collection of plants and flowers at certain seasons. But if there were a special place to which all flowers could be brought and to which all buyers could resort, it would be one of the most beautiful spots in the city. It should be accessible from all sides, and in a pleasant situation. Union Square would be sunny and attractive for such a purpose; or Stuyvesant Square, in front of St. George's. The concentration of the whole business in one spot would increase both the trade and the taste for flowers.

When Mayor Wood came in, it was upon a distinct promise, made by his own signature in lithograph, that he would keep a single eye to the public good. Has that eye seen flowers? Ought it not to see flowers if it looks straight at what is truly good for the public? The Emperor favors the flower zone of Paris. Why should not the Mayor favor the flower market of New York?

"A STRANGE STORY."

THE popularity of Bulwer as a story-teller is only less than that of Dickens. His adroit talent, his tact, his consummate skill in all the details of author-craft, are conspicuous among all late English novelists. When you reflect also, that he is the oldest of them—that Bulwer was famous when Dickens began and Thackeray was unheard of—that Charlotte Brontë's career began and ended a mere episode in Bulwer's—that Charles Reade, and Kingsley, and Trollope, and Jack Sheppard Ainsworth himself, all began since Bulwer had a name—you can not help recurring to the days of Waverley, of whose great author Bulwer was the immediate successor. The author of "Pelham," which our fathers read with delight, as became gentlemen educated upon Byron, is also the author of "A Strange Story," which follows "Great Expectations," from week to week in these columns.

Now the fashion of a novel changes as absolutely as that of a coat. "It is permitted to a gentleman under certain conditions," says Pelham, "to wear a white waistcoat." The law which governs the character of novels may be as whimsical; it is certainly no better understood. Bulwer has the most sensitive apprehension of a change in the fashion of a novel. He is reputed to have the same in regard to clothes. Speaking figuratively, he never ties his cravat in a bow, when brilliant scarfs are *de rigueur*. Other novelists get old-fashioned. Mrs. Gore, for instance, persisted in writing the old style of "society novel" to the end; and Ainsworth can scarcely escape his medieval old clo' shop. James, too, the most amiable of men and the most classically commonplace of novelists, was never at his ease in any period later than the sixteenth or seventeenth century.

But the excellent ladies who "opened" their "fall styles" last week would as soon be guilty of offering Madame a last year's "hat" as Bulwer any other novel than one strictly *à la mode*. This last one upon which he is now engaged is as fresh as if he had never written a novel before, yet it is so well done that you feel it to be the work of a long-practiced hand. For whatever may be granted or denied to Bulwer, there is an undeniable mellowness of tone in all he does. In his last story printed in the *Weekly*—"What will he do with it?"—there were passages so softly penciled and delicately hued that the mind recurs to them with curious pleasure. Such were some parts of the opening and of the river-life.

In "A Strange Story" Bulwer strikes the key of "Zanoni," which was one of his most powerful and popular tales. He loves erudition and mystery. He loves a hero who is a learned man, because if the hero be a learned man, or seems to be, he must, of course, derive his learning from—well, the illustrious author of his being. Then, in addition to his learning, if there be no positive ghostliness, as there seems to be in the present novel, the hero must have a mystery, a gloomy mystery, a tragical mystery, which clouds in the gayest circles his high pale brow, and causes him to support his intellectual head upon the delicate patrician hand upon whose third finger a ring, ruby-red, seems to glow more intensely at such moments, like a flaming blush of guilt and woe and secrecy * * * !

Of course it is all clap-trap; but the interest and skill are undeniable. You don't suppose that the Prestidigitator does actually jump into his own pocket, or pull his legs off and use them for telescopes, however he may seem to do so. It is a capital performance, and extremely cheap for twenty-five cents. No novel reader can have read the few numbers of "A Strange Story" which have thus far been published without agreeing that it is admirably done, with all the old Bulwerian skill, the sprightly knowledge of the world, the romantic sentiment, the constructive talent, and the undeniable charm of interest which, displayed in so many works of so varied but equal excellence, and for so long a period, make Bulwer, or Sir Bulwer Lytton, one of the phenomena of English literature.

THE FAST.

THERE is not often a Sunday so solemn as the late fast-day. The streets were peculiarly staid. The churches were full of earnest hearers. The pulpits were fervid with earnest speakers. And who can doubt that the praying and the preaching came nearer to the hearts of the great multitude than is the habit of the usual religious service?

Whoever reads the sketches of the sermons must be impressed with their reality. They were not formal. They were not cold. They were not cautious and apologetic. No: for we have reached a time which none of us in this generation ever saw, in which men are free to say what they think upon every great question that stirs us, and are welcomed for the frankest word they can speak.

The effort to serve the rebellion which is made by him who tries by a brisk rattling of old party slang and watch-words to distract, if not to divide, patriots, recoils inevitably upon the head of him who makes it. The man who flattered rebellion in March is very likely to be the man to do its dirty work now, if he can only screen himself. But the great body of the people who are helping to save the nation from peril ask only that a man sincerely works at that task. We all have our own views of the causes and consequences of this rebellion. We all know what the future will inevitably bring.

The history of the past lies open to us all. And the charm of the fast-day sermons was the expression of the various views which honest thinkers will naturally entertain.

Not the least of the benefits of the war will be that true freedom of speech which for a long time this country has not known. Our condition shows the danger of endeavoring to suppress any discussion in times of peace. Did this swift nation think to avoid danger by plunging its head into the sand? They only are safe whose eyes are wide open. In a free country whatever can not be discussed ought not to be endured.

The fall of Lexington gave doubtless a deeper gravity to the day. Public feeling had unreasonably exalted itself for a few weeks before, as if, because we had sustained no very signal defeat, the rebellion must crumble away of its own rottenness. In fact our public feeling is, as a friend aptly described it, like the hammer of a pile-driving machine. It goes up, up, up, by rapid jerks, until suddenly some little thing touches a spring, and down it comes in one headlong, heavy, hopeless fall. Why be dismayed by the loss of Lexington? It was unavoidable that we should be beaten at first, and upon almost every point. It ought not to be disheartening, and it would not be if we carried steadily in mind just what we are doing. We are building a navy, we are collecting an army, to resist and destroy a rebellion which has been carefully organizing itself for years. When it crosses the Potomac or the Ohio—when the black flag of the mad assassins of the nation floats unchallenged or unremoved upon a single rood of land beyond the section in which this rebellion sprung—then we may justly feel as if we were a little guilty of delay.

Meantime, while unrelaxing in effort, let us all be patient of inevitable waiting, of some inevitable mismanagement, and of many an inevitable disaster. But patient only so long as we feel that all that *can* be done to avoid waiting, mismanagement, and disaster, has been done.

KENTUCKY.

WE had some hard words from friends in Kentucky, a few months since, for suggesting that she was trying to hold an impossible position. But the history of that time in that State shows clearly enough that there is no resting-point between the doctrine of absolute State independence and that of absolute national supremacy. If a State has the right to nullify the command of the Government for a national necessity, she has the right to secede at her pleasure. She takes the position of an entirely independent sovereign power; and that position is no more consistent with national supremacy than the total independence of a county is compatible with the supremacy of a State. The county has certain rights with which the State may not lawfully interfere; but in all that concerns the welfare of the State, the State is herself the judge and the subordination of the county must be unconditional.

If this, which is the simple and fundamental principle of the American system, had been adequately understood by the Union men in Kentucky, that State would be to-day either occupied and defended by national troops, or by her own citizens. But the loyalty of the border States has been a conditional loyalty. Their nationality has been a modified patriotism. They have celebrated their own individual and limited glory much more than the splendor of the nation, from which all their separate distinction proceeds. Kentucky as a constituent part of this nation is an important and dignified State. Kentucky as a single independent power is utterly unimportant. And when the question was, Are we a nation or are we not? and when the question was to be decided by arms, Kentucky held aloof and said, "I must be counted out." But when the corn is between the mill-stones, when it is a question of meal or grain, of grinding or not grinding, you can not be counted out; you must be meal or corn.

Now the old State sees the necessity of the case, and she is rising and running to the rescue of the nation, in whose life is the blood of her own strength. The prayers and hopes of all loyal citizens go with her, but unless the citizens themselves go too, Kentucky will pay the sad penalty of her toying with treason. Breckinridge and Burnett, Magoffin and James B. Clay, have done treason all the service they could by wearing a thin mask of technical legality until this time. It was doubtless better for the rebels that the State should be paralyzed with "neutrality" until they were fully prepared to seize and hold her. They think they are so now, and the mask is dropped. Like Virginia, Kentucky is to be again a dark and bloody ground. The immediate result is perhaps hardly doubtful. No thoughtful man can doubt that the real sympathy of Kentucky is with the rebellion, while he will not be unjust toward the noble, patriotic hearts in the State that beat for the great united fatherland of America.

But whatever the present fate of the State may be, it will share in the regeneration of the country. — Public sentiment there as elsewhere will be purged by the purifying fire. And when the war is over, and the national honor is vindicated, that feeling of entire nationality which is to guide us in future, as it is to save us now, will inspire no State more fully than Kentucky.

SECRETARY CHASE'S BRIGADE.

PRESTIDIGITATING.

THE welcome which we hoped for Hermann has been heartier than any conjuror received here. Why the vast Academy of Music has been thronged every evening and every morning when he has performed, is a question easy enough to answer if you regard only the surprising excellence of the performance, but very difficult if you reflect that Mr. Hermann was a mere name to us, and that the title, Prestidigitator, seemed such clap-trap as to be very unpromising. Think of it; Grisi, world-renowned, never fairly filled the building when she came with Mario in the fullness of her fame. Hermann, a magician, unknown to us a month ago, begins with a crowd, and continues with an incessant crush. What is public opinion? What is the secret of public favor? If Robert Houdin had come we could understand it. Doubtless Hermann is better than Houdin; but why was it taken for granted?

Certainly nothing can surpass the elegance and the perfection of Hermann's conjuring. This particular Lounger has not seen him yet, but all the other Loungers in town have, and they tell the same story. So unanimous and unquestionable is the report, that it is no more permitted to doubt that Hermann is the greatest of living conjurors, than that Dickens is the greatest of living novelists. We have all seen the same kind of thing, probably, but not this thing. We have all seen men draw ribbons from their mouths and pound watches in mortars and then take them untouched out of lovely woman's pocket handerchief. Oh yes, we have all heard Miss Pretty Dolly warble *Ah non credea!* at all the musical evenings. But when we hear Jenny Lind or Alboni pour out that limpid, tender, heart-breaking strain—do we believe that we ever *have* heard it before?

If now we recur to the question, Why this popularity, whence these crowds, that even famous artists have not attracted, would it not be a curious answer to say *Ullman?* Let us suppose a case. There is an experienced manager of opera and other public amusements. The times demand a new and sharp sensation. The ingenious manager slips across the sea to Europe, and finds a magician. *Presto!* the walls of New York are covered with brilliant placards, the windows glow with portraits, the newspapers sparkle with paragraphs, all foretelling the advent of a Prestidigitator. The opening night arrives. The great theatre is crowded to see a conjuror hitherto unknown. Let us suppose that the ingenious manager knows by experience the mercantile value of a great crowd to a conjuror's success; that he consequently calls in the highly respectable class known as dead-heads, and fills up his house; and that he takes care every night that the crowd does not fall off. The result inevitably is that you and all other loungers immediately ask, "Who is this magician that four thousand people go to see every night?" We shall all go to see. And all other people will go to see; and the audience, under such circumstances, is not likely to diminish. If you add that the performance is marvelous and masterly, will you be longer surprised at the crowd which is so suddenly evoked by Prestidigitation?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MISERIES OF AN AUTHOR'S WIFE.—"James! James! (in a louder key) I have been calling you this last half hour, and dinner is getting quite cold." "Oh, is it? Well, you know I have just killed the cruel old uncle; his property, of course, comes to his nephew, Charles, and I am marrying him to Emily. Keep the mutton hot until the ceremony is over—there's a dear."

In a back township of Upper Canada, a magistrate, who kept a tavern, sold liquor to the people till they got drunk and fought in his house. He then issued a warrant, apprehended them, and tried them on the spot, and, besides fining them, made them treat each other to make up the quarrel.

"Was Mr. Brown a very popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busy-body of his friend. "I should think he was," replied the gentleman, "as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving; and several of them, including the sheriff's deputy, followed him for some distance."

The recent marriage of a Mr. Day with a Miss Field presents this singular anomaly, that although he *gained* the *field* she *won* the *day*.

A man the other day, on being asked his age, replied that in case there was no war he was forty-one—but if war, he was forty-six.

The latest Yankee invention is a new-fashioned traveling-bag, in which a man can stow himself upon a journey, and travel without the knowledge of such sponges as dun a man for his fare. He places himself in the bag, and, taking it in his hand, passes for baggage.

When the celebrated Beau Nash was ill, Dr. Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day the Doctor coming to his patient, inquired if he had followed his prescription. "No, truly, Doctor," said Nash, "if I had I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of a two-pair of stairs window."

"Mr. Timothy," said a learned lady, who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangler, "you remind me of a barometer, that is filled with *nothing* in the upper story." "Divine Almira," meekly replied her adorer, "in thanking you for this flattering compliment, let me remind you that you occupy my upper story entirely."

A Boston editor, alluding to the long nose of Julius Cæsar, the Duke of Wellington, and other dignitaries, says that he recently saw a nose that beats them all. It was thin and straight, and snubbed at the end, and a foot long. In concluding, however, it occurs to him that "it may be as well to state that it belonged to a pair of bellows."

Marivaux, a celebrated French writer of romances, having one day met with a sturdy beggar, who asked charity of him, he replied, "My good friend, strong and stout as you are, it is a shame that you do not go to work." "Ah, master," said the beggar, "if you did but know how lazy I am!" "Well," replied Marivaux, "I see you are a candid scoundrel; here is half-a-crown for you."

A traveler who has just returned says there is a race of men at the extremity of South America of such enormous proportions that they mix their lather in a wash-tub, and shave with a scythe. We wonder what they curl their hair with—a signal-pole, in all likelihood.

In a story of the courtship of a loving couple, after all had been arranged and matters "fixed up," the narrator says: "Here their lips came together, and the report which followed was like pulling a horse's hoof out of the mire."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

How many weeks are in the year?
Forty-six; the other six are only lent (Lent).

If you were my first, and I were my whole,
My second might go where it pleased;
For you'd be caressed, and I should be blessed,
And the rest of my life would be pleased.
Bridegroom.

What religion would a woman be if she changed her sex to man?
Heathen (He then).

Why are creditors like careful pilots?
Because they are always on the look-out.

Why is a piano like an onion?
Because it smell odious (it's melodious).

Safe on a fair one's arm my first may rest,
And raise no tumult in a husband's breast;
To those who neither creep, nor run, nor fly,
The want of legs my second can supply;
My whole's a rival of the fairest toast,
And when I'm liked the best I suffer most.
Muf-fin.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE REBEL ARMY FALLING BACK.

THE whole line of the rebel army immediately in front of Washington has fallen back, nor could their exact position be ascertained on 30th. Munson's and Upton's Hills and Fall's Church have been abandoned, and are now occupied by the Union troops. The position of the rebels at these points appears to have been not very formidable. There were no signs found of guns having been mounted; their defenses were simply rifle-pits, nor were there any evidence of tents having been there, or any other protection except rudely-constructed sheds.

ANOTHER AWKWARD ACCIDENT.

Another unfortunate error on the part of two divisions of the Union troops occurred on the advance of General Smith's force from Chain Bridge to Fall's Church. During the darkness of the night the Philadelphia regiment of Colonel Owens, mistaking Captain Mott's battery, General Baker's California regiment, and two other regiments for a body of the rebels, opened a tremendous volley upon them, killing and wounding several. The California regiment returned the fire with terrible effect. The guns of Mott's battery were then ordered to load with canister, and were about to pour a deadly volley upon Colonel Owens's men, when the mistake was discovered in time to avert a terrible slaughter.

THE BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.

Recent observations down the Potomac have just resulted in the information that no rebel batteries are visible except those at Freestone Point, but the officers employed in the reconnoissance are convinced that the rebels have erected batteries all along the river, though they are at present concealed by trees.

ANOTHER RECONNOISSANCE.

Another important reconnoissance took place on 25th across the Potomac. In the morning, at eight o'clock, 5000 infantry, three companies of cavalry, and three batteries, left Chain Bridge, under the command of General Smith, for the neighborhood of Lewinsville. About two o'clock in the afternoon, while our troops were at Lewinsville, a large party of rebels, consisting of about five regiments of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and six pieces of artillery, approached from the direction of Fall's Church. They opened on our men with their battery, and their firing was immediately responded to by Captains Griffin's and Mott's guns. Thirty shots, both of shell and solid, were fired from our batteries, which silenced the rebel cannon, and the enemy immediately retired to Fall's Church. It is not known what damage was sustained on their side. One man of ours was slightly wounded by the explosion of a shell. The object of the expedition having been accomplished, our troops fell back to their original position at the Chain Bridge, bearing with them a man representing himself as an Aid-de-Camp to Colonel Stewart, of the Virginia rebel cavalry.

FREMONT TAKES THE FIELD.

General Frémont and his staff left St. Louis for Jefferson City on Friday. General Price was said to be making preparations to receive him warmly at Lexington. General Lane, with a body of Union troops, made a forced march on Osceola, and succeeded in capturing a heavy train of supplies destined for the armies of Generals Rains and Price, together with $100,000 in money. He was pushing on to make a junction with Sturgis's command at Kansas City. Some of the officers captured at Lexington arrived at Jefferson City, having been released on parole, and they state that General Price has a force there of 42,000 men. The exact whereabouts of General M'Culloch appears to be a mystery.

OPERATIONS IN THE GULF.

A physician belonging to Cincinnati, who has just returned from the South, states that Mississippi City has been taken possession of by our war vessels, and that all communication between New Orleans and Mobile by water is, consequently, cut off. This is a movement which the Louisiana and Alabama rebels have been anticipating and fearing for some time, and it was understood that vigorous measures had been taken to prevent it, under the supervision of the traitor Twiggs. All the important points on the Texas coast are also stated to have fallen into our possession. The details of these operations will be looked for with unusual interest.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT PENSACOLA.

A letter from Captain Vogdes, one of the officers at Fort Pickens, to Captain Baily, of the *Colorado*, states that a "contraband" deserter from Pensacola brings information that the utmost discontent exists among the rebels there; that they are pining for peace at any price, and that over two hundred of the troops have deserted within a few days past. Captain Vogdes expresses the opinion—and it is curious as coming from that isolated quarter—that the rebels around Washington do not mean to attack M'Clellan's army, and that they have only a curtain of troops along the line there to conceal the withdrawal of their material and the main body of their army to Richmond. He states further that the *Colorado* expedition killed thirty of the rebels on the morning of the 14th.

THE SECOND FIFTY MILLION LOAN.

The Associated Banks of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia met, through their respective Committees, on Saturday, at the Bank of Commerce in this city, and accepted from Mr. Secretary Chase, who was present, the second option of $50,000,000 of the National Loan, to date from 15th of October

DRAFTING NOT TO BE RESORTED TO.

Secretary Cameron has addressed a paper to the Governor of Iowa forbidding the drafting of men, and expressing the opinion that the patriotism of the people can safely be relied on for the raising of men.

PERSONAL.

Colonel F. P. Blair has been released from arrest by General Frémont and restored to his command.

Thurlow Weed promises, if a regiment or brigade of printers can be raised, that he will shoulder his musket and march away to the war along with his brethren of the craft.

Professor La Mountain, of Troy, has been ordered to report, with his balloon, to General M'Clellan at Washington. It is thought that he will be attached to the Commanding General's staff.

James B. Clay, who has been arrested for treason, is the oldest son of the late Henry Clay. He is the present owner of Ashland, the former residence of his father. About four years ago he tore down the old house, and sold the beams, and rafters of the time-honored mansion to be manufactured into walking canes. He represented the eighth district of Kentucky in the Thirty-fifth Congress.

Ulysses C. Vannosdoff and Isaac Wilcox have been tried by court-martial in St. Louis on the charge of taking arms against the Government, and found guilty. They were sentenced to be confined at hard labor during the war, and to have their property confiscated for the benefit of the Government. The sentences were subsequently confirmed and carried into effect.

Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, is raising three more batteries in that State, which will make eight in all. A battalion of cavalry is also to be raised.

Ross Winans has at last come to the conclusion that it is not good to be the open enemy of the Government, and has determined, if not to be its friend, at least not to do any thing which can be construed as treason, or misprision of treason. He has accordingly, as we hear from Fortress Monroe, taken the oath of allegiance, and on Monday night left the fortress for his home in Baltimore.

Three more persons have been released from their confinement in Fort Lafayette—James W. Wall, of New Jersey; George L. Bowne, of Florida; and Pierce Butler, of Pennsylvania. The first two took the regular oath of allegiance prescribed by the last Congress, and the latter pledged himself to do no act hostile to the United States, and not to visit South Carolina without a passport from the Secretary of State.

Ex-Governor Henry A. Wise and his son, Oliver Jennings Wise, have been indicted for treason by the Grand Jury of the United States District Court, at Wheeling, Virginia.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

WE read in the London *Star* of Sept. 11: "We are able to contradict, in the most positive manner, the statement made by some of the New York journals, and repeated by some of the correspondents of English newspapers, that Mr. Adams, the United States Minister to this country, had written home, expressing his belief that the British Government would recognize the independence of the rebels, and that it was only a question of time and courtesy."

PRIVATEERS FITTING OUT IN ENGLAND.

Intelligence has reached us that the rebel commissioners in England are endeavoring to procure privateers in that quarter. It is said that a new screw propeller had been built in Hartlepool and sailed for Plymouth, armed with six heavy guns, and fully manned. It was also reported that Mr. Yancey had purchased two steamers, with lifting screws, which are now lying in the Victoria dock at London.

THE ACCIDENT TO THE "GREAT EASTERN."

Mr. Howard Paul, one of the passengers on board of the *Persia*, furnishes us with the following items concerning the Leviathan:

The steamship *Persia*, which left Liverpool on Saturday, September 11, met the *Great Eastern* on Monday, September 16, at eleven o'clock A.M., two hundred and twelve miles from Queenstown. On approaching her the passengers of the *Persia* observed that she was rolling very much, but had no idea of her condition, which a nearer view afforded. It was found that she had lost both of her paddle-wheels; the whole of the boats (with the exception of two) on her port side were stove in or disabled; and, the rudder-head being carried away, she was steering for home with the rudder-chains. Large ropes were stretched from bulwark to bulwark for the passengers to cling to, and the rolling was so fearful that one moment the great ship revealed the whole of her decks at a most distressing angle, and the next the bilge was plainly visible. On discovering the plight of the vessel Captain Judkins hoisted a signal—"Do you require aid?" which was only replied to by a large board being displayed on the paddle-box; but the characters thereon being so small the writing could not be deciphered. The *Great Eastern* still kept on her course, working with her screw, and for twenty minutes the *Persia* followed her in order to get an answer to her signal. The passengers of the *Great Eastern* were scattered over the decks (there were reported to be about four hundred on board of her), all of whom seemed straining anxiously forward to catch a view of the *Persia*. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, the men their hats, and, notwithstanding the extraordinary roll of the vessel, the utmost enthusiasm seemed to be manifested by her passengers. Up to this time no answer had been given to the signal of the *Persia*, and as she dipped her ensign and turned her head away, another board written on was elevated from the paddle-box of the *Great Eastern*, with no better result. Even with the aid of the glasses of the officers the characters could not be distinguished. During this time the *Great Eastern* had not slackened her pace, and when the *Persia* got some distance from her she hoisted the signal "Come within hail;" but as Captain Judkins justly said, he had followed her for half an hour, asked her if she required aid, and receiving no reply in the usual manner, he could lose no further time by again putting back.

FRANCE.

OUR PASSPORT SYSTEM IN EUROPE.

The announcement of the establishment of a passport system by the State Department, Paris correspondents inform us, created the greatest consternation among the Secessionists in Paris and London; but the modification determined upon by Mr. Seward, excepting the Canadian frontier from its provisions, reassured them, and travel from the South to Europe and back proceeds almost as uninterruptedly as before the stoppage of intercourse between the North and the South.

ITALY.

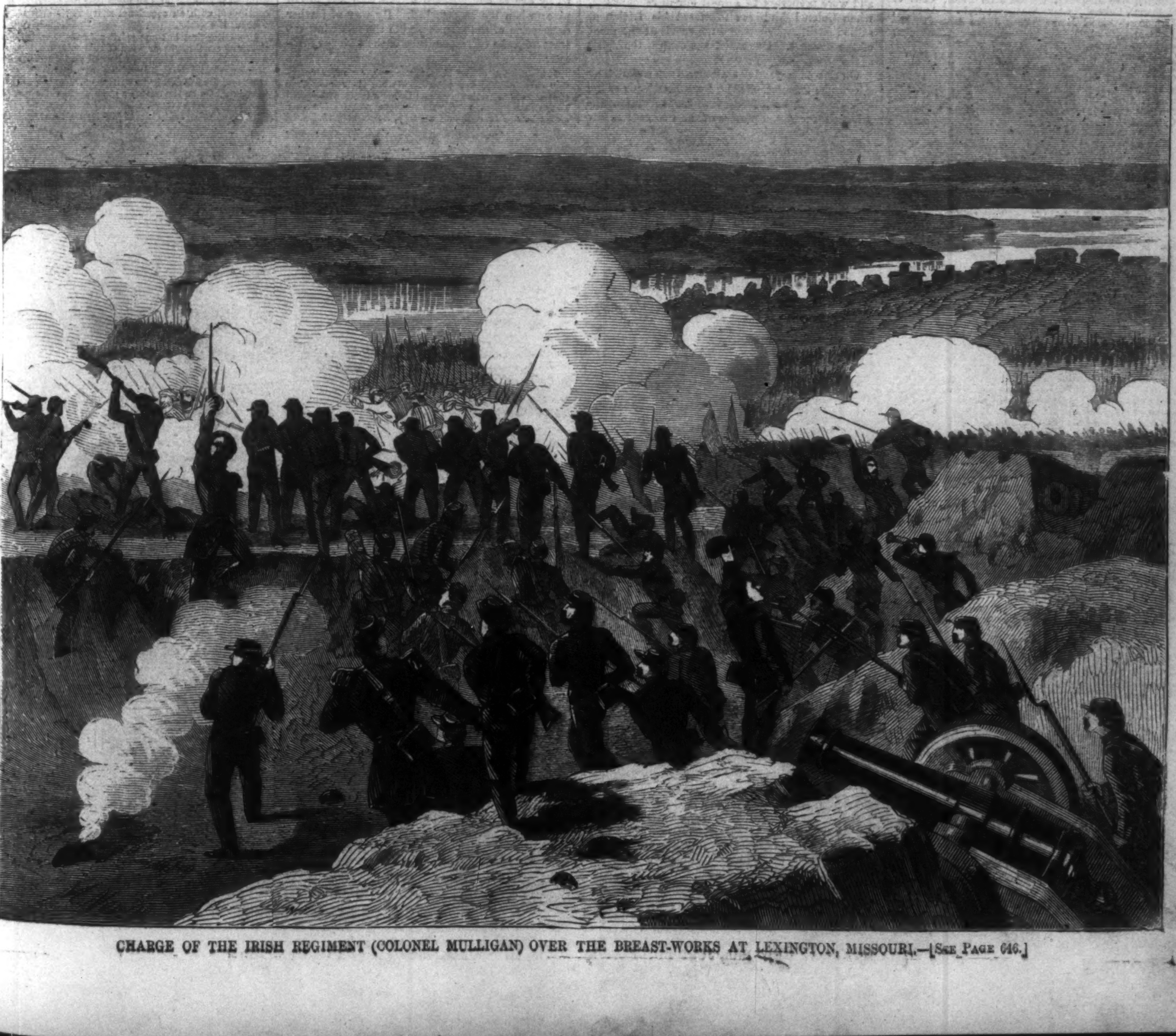
IS GARIBALDI COMING HERE?

The *Italie*, of the 11th ult., says: At the moment of going to press we received the following from Genoa:

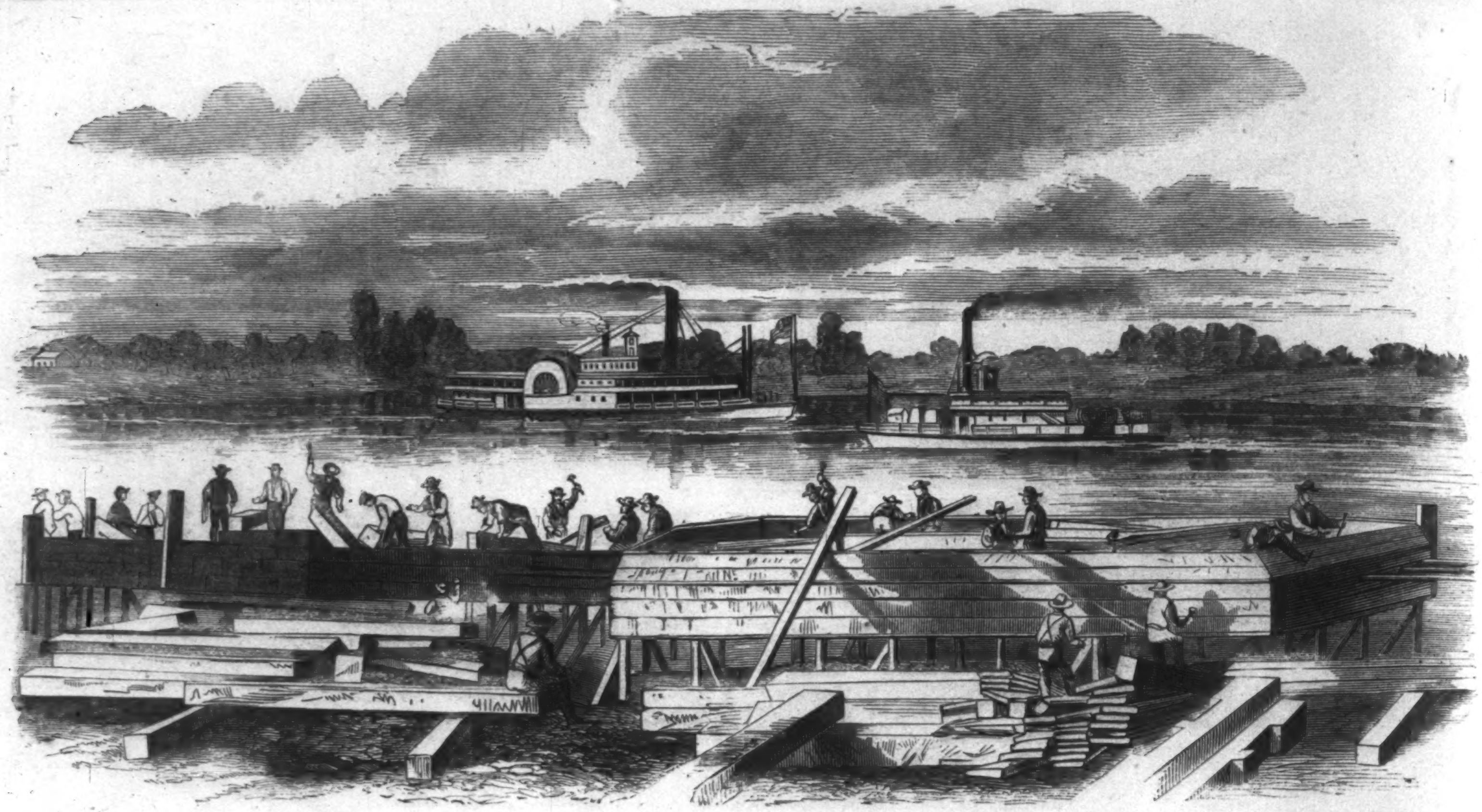
"The American Minister at Brussels started from this place for Caprera the day before yesterday, and has not yet returned. The *Dante* steamer was engaged for the voyage at the price of 2500 francs. Menoth and his brother are now here, and leave to-morrow for Caprera. The health of the General is good. No one knows what his intentions are with respect to the application said to be made to him to aid the Federal Government in America."

MAJOR-GENERAL FREMONT, U.S.A., AND STAFF INAUGURATING CAMP BENTON, AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, BEFORE STARTING FOR LEXINGTON.—[From a Photograph.—[See Page 646.]

Burning the Pensacola Dry Dock, off Fort Pickens, Florida, on August 31, by Lieut. Shipley, U.S.A.—Sketched by Charles F. Allgouer.—[See Page 655.]



Charge of the Irish Regiment (Colonel Mulligan) over the Breast-works at Lexington, Missouri.—[See Page 646.]



BUILDING PONTOONS FOR MILITARY USE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

WE devote a large proportion of our space this week to illustrations of the War in Missouri. On page 644 will be found a picture of MAJOR-GENERAL FREMONT AND HIS STAFF INAUGURATING CAMP BENTON, which is located near the fair grounds, some two miles from St. Louis. The following are the names and rank of the members of General Frémont's staff:

Chief of Staff, Brigadier-General A. Asboth; Assistant Adjutant-General, Captain Chauncey M'Keever; Military Secretary and Aid-de-Camp, Colonel J. H. Eaton; Chief Topographical Engineer, Colonel John Fiala; Chief of Ordnance, Colonel Gustave Waagner; Chief of Artillery, Lieutenant-Colonel James Totten; Judge Advocate, Major R. M. Corwin; Division Surgeon, Doctor T. Telkampf; Assistant Surgeon, Doctor John Cooper; Acting Assistant Q. M. General, Brigadier-General J. M'Kinstry; Deputy Paymaster-General, Lieutenant-Colonel T. P. Andrews; Commander of Body Guard, Major Charles Zagonyi; Musical Director, Captain A. Waldauer; Aids-de-Camp, Colonel A. Albert, Colonel Gustave Kœrner, Colonel J. P. C. Schenck, Colonel Owen Lovejoy, Colonel John A. Gurley, Colonel J. C. Woods, Major James W. Savage, Major Frank J. White, Major William Dorsheimer, Major H. Ramming, Major B. Rush Plumley, Captain J. R. Howard, Captain Leonidas Haskell, Captain Joseph Reminyfy.

The artillery seen in the picture are Totten's famous battery which did so much execution at the Battle of Springfield. The large building in the picture is the officers' quarters, the lower one the soldiers' barracks.

On page 645 we illustrate the CHARGE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE AT LEXINGTON. Every body has read the account of this splendid movement: how the rebels, outnumbering our forces in the proportion of four to one, had driven our outposts in, and were preparing to assault our intrenchments, when Colonel Mulligan mustered his Irishmen, sallied forth, and scattered the rebels at the point of the bayonet. Our artist has caught the spirit of the scene.

On this page we give a picture, from a sketch by Alexander Simplot, of the "NEW ERA," one of the new gun-boats built for Government service on the Mississippi; also, a picture of the PONTOONS NOW BEING BUILT ON THE MISSISSIPPI for the use of General Frémont's army. Pontoons are used for the passage of rivers by armies on the march. Latterly, in this country, our engineer officers have used vulcanized India-rubber pontoons, consisting of three cylinders connected together. From the appearance of the objects depicted in the sketch, we should judge that Frémont's pontoons are more like scows, which will not be taken out of the water, but will be floated down with the expedition which descends the Mississippi.

Finally, on page 653, we publish a fine picture of the BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, from sketches sent us by one of our Western artists who was in the place when it was attacked. By way of further description of the scene we give the following extract from the correspondence of the Chicago *Tribune*:

The situation of the Federal troops grew more desperate as day after day passed. Within their lines were picketed about the wagons and trains a large number of horses and mules, nearly three thousand in all, now a serious cause of care and anxiety, for as shot and shell plunged among them, many of the animals were killed and wounded, and from the struggles of these latter the danger of a general stampede was imminent. The havoc in the centre of the intrenchment was immense. Wagons were knocked to pieces, stores scattered and destroyed, and the ground strewn with dead horses and mules.

On Wednesday, the 17th, an evil from the first apprehended fell upon Colonel Mulligan's command. They were cut off from the river and their water gave out. Fortunately a heavy rain, at intervals, came greatly to their relief. But to show how severe the straits of the men, the fact may be stated of instances occurring where soldiers held their blankets spread out until thoroughly wet, and then wrung them into their camp dishes, carefully saving the priceless fluid thus obtained. Rations also began to grow short. The fighting at this time, from the 16th to the 21st, knew little cessation. The nights were brilliant moonlight, and all night long the roar of the guns continued, with an occasional sharp sortie and skirmish without the works.

From the first but one spirit pervaded our troops, and that was no thought or word of surrender, except among some of the Home Guards, who had done the least share of the work and the fighting. The cavalry behaved nobly, and could the full details be written up, some of their sharp, brave charges on the enemy's guns would shine with any battle exploits on record.

General Price sent Colonel Mulligan a summons to sur-

THE GUN-BOAT NEW ERA, JUST BUILT AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY A CORRESPONDENT.]

THE CITY OF MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY, SCENE OF THE GREAT UNION BARBECUE.

render, to which the gallant commander sent a refusal, saying, "If you want us, you must take us." But the defection and disheartenment of the Home Guards intensified daily, and on Friday, the 21st, while Colonel Mulligan was giving his attention to some matters in another portion of the camp, the white flag was raised at his own instance by Major Becker, of the Home Guards, from the portion of the intrenchment assigned to him.

Captain Simpson, of the Earl Rifles, called Colonel Mulligan's attention to Major Becker's action instantly, and the Jackson Guard, Captain M'Dermott, of Detroit, were sent to take down the flag, which was done. The heaviest part of the fight of the day followed in a charge upon the nearest battery of the enemy, the Illinois cavalry suffering severely.

The Home Guards then left the outer work, and retreated within the line of the inner intrenchments, about the college building, refusing to fight longer, and here again raised the white flag, this time from the centre of the fortifications, when the fire of the enemy slackened and ceased. Under this state of affairs Colonel Mulligan, calling his officers into council, decided to capitulate, and Captain M'Dermott went out to the enemy's lines with a handkerchief tied to a ramrod, and a parley took place. Major Moore, of the brigade, was sent to General Price's head-quarters, at New Lexington, to know the terms of capitulation. These were made unconditional, the officers to be retained as prisoners of war, the men to be allowed to depart with their personal property, surrendering their arms and accoutrements.

Reluctantly this was acceded to, and the surrender took place. At 4 P.M. on Saturday the Federal forces, having laid down their arms, were marched out of the intrenchments to the tune of "Dixie," played by the rebel bands. They left behind them their arms and accoutrements, reserving only their clothing. The boys of the brigade many of them wept to leave behind their colors, each company in the brigade having its own standard presented to it by their friends. At the surrender the muster rolls of the companies were taken to General Price's head-quarters, the list of officers made out, and these ordered to report themselves as prisoners of war.

General Price is now in possession of Lexington, and Major-General Frémont has gone up the Missouri River to attack him; while General Sturgis and General Hunter are converging upon Lexington from the northwest and south.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

WE publish herewith, from a sketch by Mr. H. Mosler, a view of CAMP ROSSEAU, NEAR MULDRAUGH'S HILL, Kentucky. This is a camp of Union troops, situated 31 miles north of Louisville, Kentucky, and 7 miles from Muldraugh's Hill, on the railroad to Nashville, Tennessee. Troops from Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky are rapidly congregating here, and there is a strong prospect of an early brush.

We also give, from a sketch by another contributor, a view of MAYSVILLE, Kentucky. The artist writes us as follows:

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY, *September*, 1861.

Having attended the Grand Union Barbecue recently held near this place, I seized the opportunity to make a sketch of the beautiful little city. It was necessarily a hasty one, but will serve to give you an idea of the scenery and situation. It was through Maysville that the Government arms were first introduced into Kentucky which had so marked an effect in preventing "precipitation;" and near here, in the lovely woodland just behind the lofty, precipitous hill on the extreme right of the picture, around which you may see winding the magnificent Macadamized road that leads to Lexington, and within sight of *La belle Riviere*, was held the barbecue of which I spoke. This was the largest gathering I have seen for years. There were speakers from Kentucky, Ohio, and Tennessee. Among those from the last-named State was Hon. Horace Maynard. Colonel Charles Marshall, a prominent citizen of this county (Mason), contemplates the establishment of a camp in the vicinity of this place.

Before the introduction of railroads into the State Maysville was the grand gate-way of trade and travel between the South and East. It is still a town of considerable importance, but is principally remarkable at present for the gallantry and hospitality of its people, and the beauty of its situation and its women. BUCKEYE.

Telegrams dated Louisville, Kentucky, September 28, say:

Agents are now stationed along the Ohio River, to prevent the smuggling of arms into Kentucky.

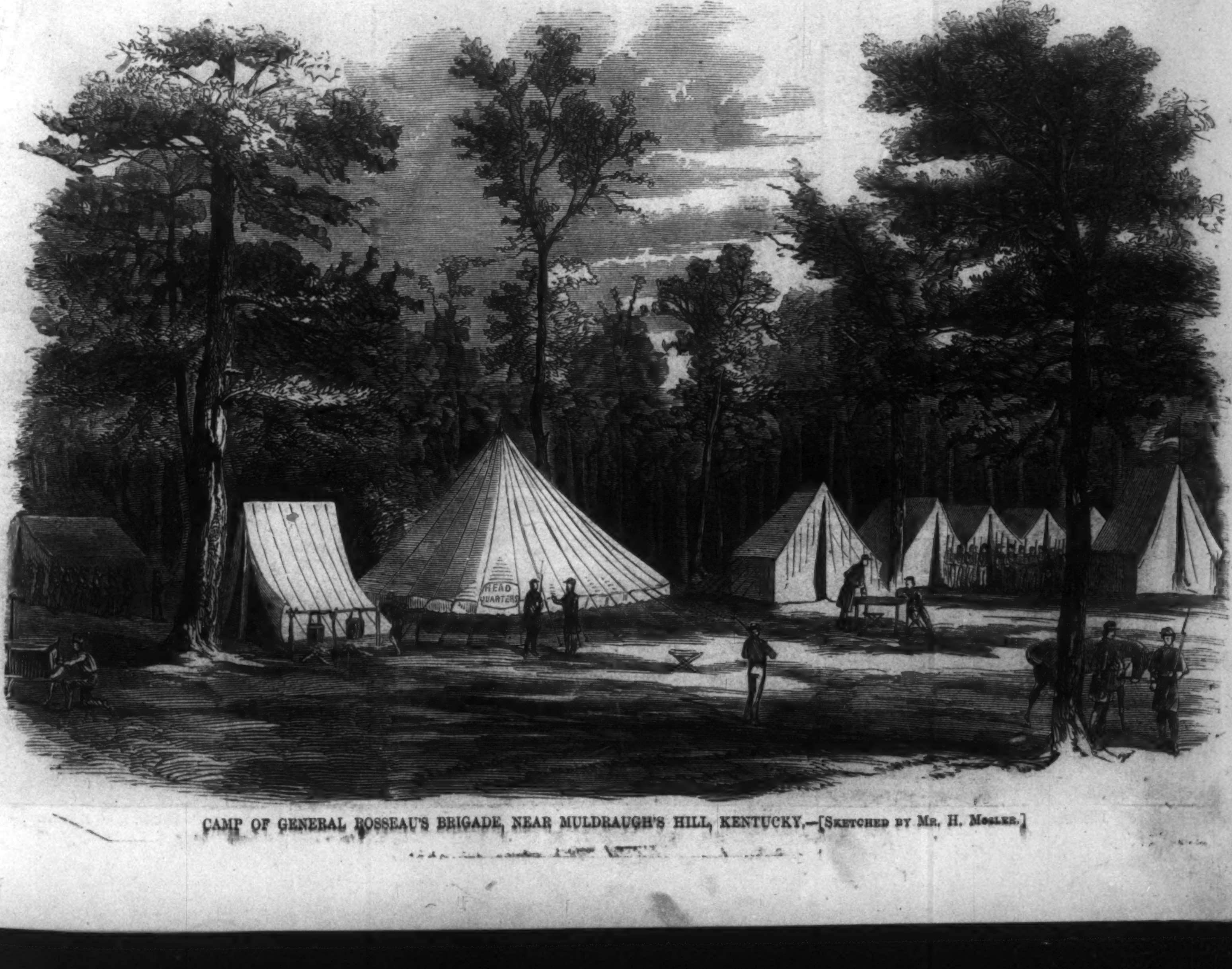
The *Bulletin* says that 500 troops from Terra Haute, Indiana, have gone up Green River, Kentucky, and taken possession of locks Nos. 1 and 3. One shot was fired at them, and the fire was returned, killing their assailant. Many Union families have fled to Evansville from the Green River country.

A regiment of cavalry from Ohio has gone into camp near Covington, on the Lexington pike.

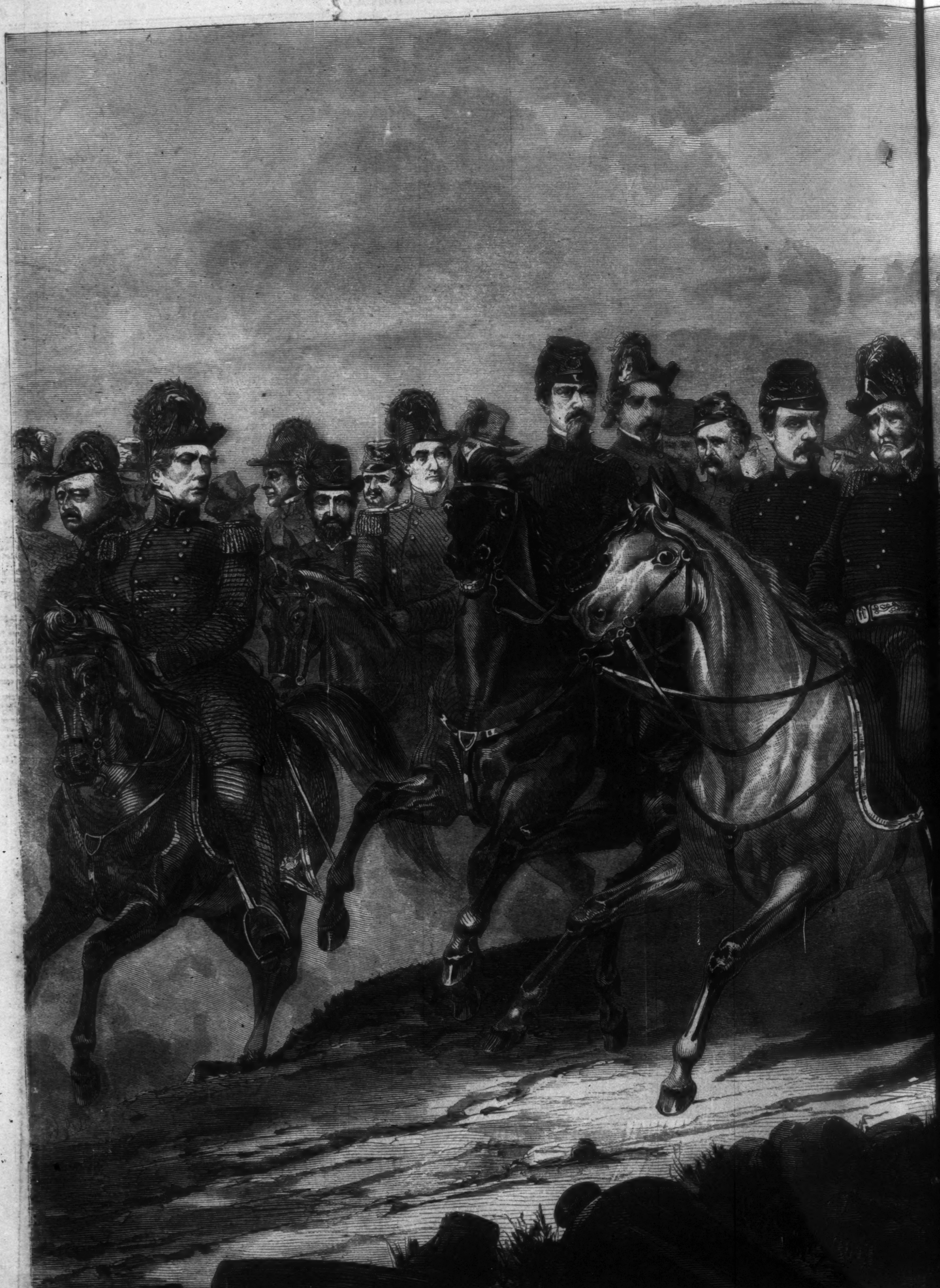
Cynthiana, Kentucky, is occupied by Federal troops. National flags were flown to the breeze from the Louisville Hotel and Gault House to-day.

Seventeen Secessionists, among them James B. Clay and Colonel H. C. Harris, of Madison, were brought to Louisville this afternoon and committed. A writ of habeas corpus in Clay's case has been issued, returnable before Judge Catron on Monday.

Benson Ornsby, a lawyer of this city, was arrested, but released on taking the oath of allegiance.

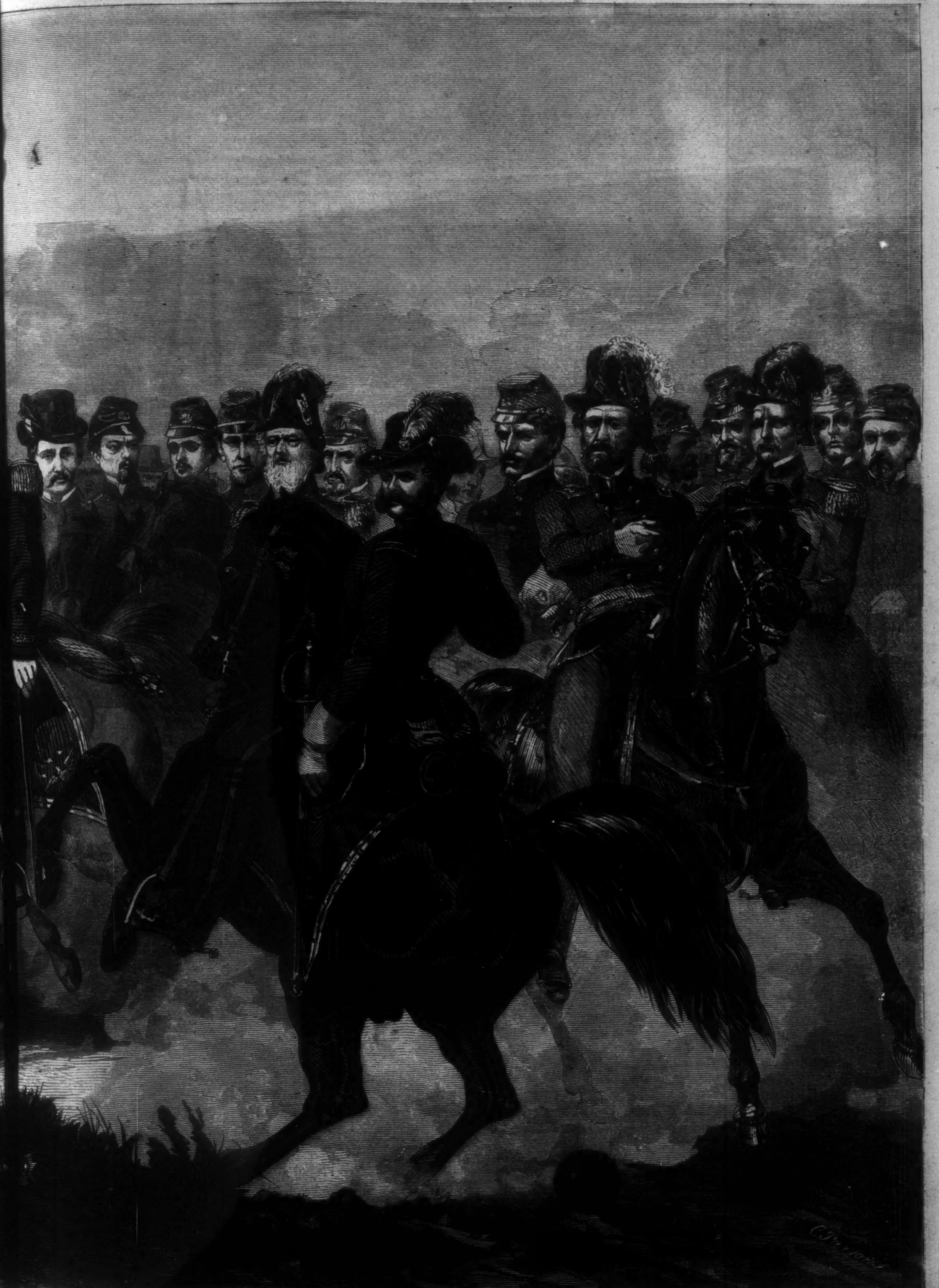


CAMP OF GENERAL ROSSEAU'S BRIGADE, NEAR MULDRAUGH'S HILL, KENTUCKY.—[SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.]



Butler. Wool. M'Call. Rosecrans. M'Cook. Anderson. M'Dowell. Sickles. Blenker. M'Clellan. Scott.

OUR



Hunter, Siegel. Sprague. Prentiss, Mansfield. Tyler. Burnside. Banks. Frémont. Lander. Heintzelman. Dix. Curtis. Stone.

ERALS.

SECTION OF THE EARTH-WORKS COMMANDING THE APPROACHES TO LEESBURG, VIRGINIA, ON THE SOUTH.—[SKETCHED BY A MEMBER OF GENERAL GORMAN'S COMMAND.]

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

WE illustrate on this page the terrible RAILWAY ACCIDENT which occurred on 17th ult. on the OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD. The Cincinnati *Commercial* thus describes the event:

At ten minutes to nine on the night of 17th the train, consisting of six cars carrying about 250 men of the 19th Illinois Regiment, Colonel Torchin, had broken the bridge down under the following circumstances: The engine passed the bridge in safety, the first car was thrown off the track, but ran to a place twenty yards beyond the bridge; but the second car fell directly into the creek, hind end downward; the fourth and fifth cars ran on top of the third, crushing it flat as a board. In the third car was Company I, where the greatest mortality took place. The sixth and last car, containing the field-officers and their attendants, was not injured.

Those who escaped represent the scene as full of every conceivable horror. Fires were soon lighted on the banks, messengers dispatched for assistance, and the work of rescue begun. All the while the air resounded with the groans, prayers, and imprecations of the sufferers.

Before daylight eighteen bodies were recovered in addition to rescuing all the living. Lieutenant Whotten was caught by both legs between two platforms, and it required three-fourths of an hour to chop and saw him out, every blow of the axe causing intense agony. A colored servant, caught in a similar though less painful situation, was two hours undergoing the operation of rescue. A brakesman, with an arm and leg both broken, crawled from under the bottom car to a place of safety.

Fortunately, both the regimental surgeons, their hospital steward, and Lieutenant Kellot, also physicians, were in the forward car and escaped without injury. Companies I and G were the greatest sufferers—the latter entire company, except Lieutenant Bridges and two corporals, were more or less injured. The Colonel, who is an old Russian campaigner, Lieutenant Kellot, and Life-Major Moore, were accompanied by their wives. These ladies not only rendered great assistance in dressing the wounded, but even tore their under garments off their persons to make bandages.

It is not known whether the accident was the work of malice or misfortune.

EARTH-WORKS NEAR LEESBURG, VIRGINIA.

THESE are apparently but temporary breast-heights, inclosing a small encampment erected subsequent to the construction of the works. They occupy the brow of an eminence some four miles distant from Edward's Ferry.

The accompanying view is telescopic, and was obtained from the summit of a mount in the neighborhood of the former place. Numbers of the insurgents are daily seen on and near the intrenchments, although their force is very limited.

TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

PRETTY MABEL.

SIDE by side with Pretty Mabel
Sate I, with the sunshade down:
In the distance humm'd the Babel
Of the many-footed Town;
There we sate with looks unstable—
Now of tenderness, of frown.

"Must we part? or may I linger?
Wax the shadows, wanes the day."
Then, with voice of sweetest singer
That has almost died away,
"Go!" she said; but tightened finger
Said articulately, "Stay!"

Face to face with Pretty Mabel,
With the gauzy curtains drawn;
Till a sense, I am unable
To convey, began to dawn;
Till the slant sun flung the gable
Far athwart the sleepy lawn.

"Now I go. Adieu, adieu, love!
This is weakness: sweet, be strong.
Comes the footfall of the dew, love!
Philomel's reminding song."
"Go!" she said; "but I go too, love!
Go with you, my life, along!"

Hand in hand with Pretty Mabel,
Through perplexities of life;
'Mid all other shiftings stable,
Quiet 'mid surrounding strife;
No mere forms of pleasant fable,
But—a Husband and a Wife.

CADER IDRIS—THE CHAIR OF IDRIS.

I AM an old bachelor now, the object of an interest—not, perhaps, wholly unselfish—to my nephews and nieces. Be it so. They will not have long to wait. The one bright thread in the darksome web of my life was snapped, rudely snapped, many a weary year ago, and I am only sorry when a new spring-time comes round and finds me still among the living.

In the autumn of 1829 I was staying in one of the wildest and most secluded districts of Wales, not, as now, a gray-haired, broken man, but young, happy, and rich in friends, in prospects, and, above all, in that elastic spirit of hopefulness that forms the best heritage of those who begin the world. Talglyn Hall, one of those moss-grown stone mansions whose weather-beaten masonry look old enough to be coeval with the eternal hills that overshadow them, was the place of my temporary abode. The Hall was the ancestral residence of a Welsh gentleman whom I shall call Griffith. I was his friend and guest; indeed we were distantly related, and I was to have been the husband of his youngest daughter. Dear, lost Ellen! with what painful distinctness, after all these years, does her gentle image rise before me, in all the bloom of that youthful beauty on which the hand of Time was never to be laid.

Mr. Griffith, a widower, had five children to cheer his hearth, and of these three were daughters. The two eldest were handsome enough, but Ellen, their younger sister, then scarcely seventeen, was as beautiful and winning as a fairy. No wonder that I admired her. Admired is a cold, pale phrase. She was born to be loved, and I loved her with a deep, strong love over which time has never gained the mastery. I do not wish to linger on that happy period of alternate hope and fear, of broken words eked out by glances, and all the petulant changes of passion. Suffice it that my love was returned at last, and that before my long visit was at an end Ellen had plighted me her simple troth. I went honestly to Mr. Griffith, and told him all. He was not displeased. He appeared, in fact, hardly to be surprised. Lovers, indeed, are generally very transparent in their wily stratagems for hood-winking the world, and even the most guileless household is speedily aware of the progress of an attachment. But Mr. Griffith, though not averse to receiving me as a son-in-law, was not willing that his daughter should marry at seventeen, and was besides desirous that time should test whether we, the principal parties in the case, really knew our own minds. We both thought this decision very tyrannical and absurd. I am sure that it was right, and kind, and wise. For a year Ellen and I separated. I was to work heartily at the bar, as before; the Griffiths were to travel, to visit watering-places and cities, and to vary their usual retired mode of life, in order that Ellen might see something of the world before she irrevocably fixed her fate in it. And, if all went well, and we young people continued of the same opinion, after the lapse of a twelvemonth, why then—

Then! How cruel seemed the suspense and the banishment; how certain that our sentiments would be unchanged a year hence, fifty years hence, my younger readers may ask their own hearts. We obeyed. I not only obtained some credit as a rising junior at the bar, where I already possessed a certain footing—more due, I dare say, to circumstance than merit—but I won the consent and approbation of all my relatives to the match. And now the weary waiting was over, the year was out, and I was at Talglyn Hall again to claim my bride. All went smilingly with us. Ellen had the old loving look in her dear blue eyes; she had been courted and flattered, but no one had been able to win away her heart from me, and the Squire admitted that never had a probation turned out more satisfactory than ours. All the family were kind, warm-hearted people; they welcomed me cordially among them; they were willing to hail me as a brother, though they *did* grudge a little at times that I should rob them of the light of their home, the darling of them all, for Ellen was both. She had been very pretty a year before, but had now expanded like a flower, and was as sweet a type of the more fragile order of womanhood as ever existed. I was surprised to see how much she had developed in so short a time, but she loved me none the less for the greater experience of life which she had gained in the past year. Our wedding-day was fixed; the preparations were nearly completed, and my sisters, who were to be bridemaids jointly with Ellen's sisters, were shortly expected at Talglyn. And now but a few days intervened between me and the crowning happiness of my life—that happiness which was never to be.

I have painted nothing as yet but a picture of hope and happiness, a sunny sea and white-sailed pleasure-barks gayly gliding over the soft summer waves. Now comes the blacker sketch of wreck and storm. Ellen had one fault, if fault be not too harsh a word, one flaw in her nature. She had a pretty waywardness, an impatience of contradiction that never degenerated into peevishness, never became imperious, but which in one endowed with a less sweet temper would infallibly have done so. As it was, it rather took the form of a half playful defiance, so winning, so full of grace, that you could scarcely have the heart to wish it away. But there *were* times when Ellen's petulant caprice became a source of terror to those who loved her best. I have known her persist in maintaining her seat on a plunging, kicking horse, full of vice and mettle, and which exerted every sinew and every artifice to hurl from the saddle its slender but unconquerable rider. Equally, I have seen her run, mocking our cowardice, along the trunk of a fallen tree that bridged a cataract, slippery though that tree was with the washing of ceaseless spray, and perched at a fearful height above the ragged rocks and the dark pool below. And in a mountain excursion, no one, not even her dare-devil young brothers, ventured so close to the most dangerous precipices as Ellen did, laughing the while. Yet she was no Amazon, but when the whim was over, showed all a girl's timidity in face of peril; it was contradiction that nettled her to rashness. One evening, after a happy day spent partly on the hills and partly in boating on the little lake, the conversation turned, somehow, on the superstitions of Wales. One legend called forth another, and none of her relatives had such a store of these weird tales as Ellen, or told them so charmingly and simply. At last she related a particular story which I have but too much reason to remember, which has burned into my brain like a fiery brand, the story of the Lady of Cader Idris. The legend has reference to the Welsh proverb, so old that it is by some considered anterior to even Merlin, that "he who spends a night in the chair or Cader Idris will be found mad, dead, or a poet." Tradition relates that Merlin sat there, and that Taliesin also went through the dread ordeal that touched his lips with the fire of prophecy.

"You know," broke in young Herbert Griffith, "the gap cut in the live rock, on the high peak where the cairn is, just above the cliff? It looks like the throne of some queer old king. I showed it to you when we went shooting dotterils. Beg your pardon, Ellen!"

Ellen went on to relate how, long ago, in the thirteenth century, the lady of the manor, a beautiful and willful heiress, called by her vassals the Lady of Cadir Idris, had resolved to undergo this terrible trial in the hopes of becoming imbued with the spirit of poetry. How, being a lady of rare courage and headstrong will, she had persisted in her resolve, in spite of the entreaties of her kindred, the prayers of her tenants, and the authority of her confessor. How she had gone up alone to the haunted hill-top, where, as legends tell, spectres keep a world-long watch over buried treasure, and had faced storm, and darkness, and all the terrors of the visible and viewless. Finally, how she had been found in the morning, stark and dead, seated in the rocky throne on blue Idris, with her long dark hair floating over the stones as she sat in an attitude that mocked life, and with an expression of awful fear stamped on her open eyes and fair pale face. The tradition added that, on account of her rebellion against the priest's commands, the pitiless church had denied her poor body Christian burial, and that she had been laid, in silence and stealth, by the hands of sorrowing kinsmen, under a cairn of pebbles on the hill-top.

Then Ellen went to her harp, and sang us first the wild Welsh ditty that some bard had composed in elder days, and then the polished verses which Mrs. Hemans had penned on the same theme. Nor was it till the last notes of the harp and the sweet voice had long died away that we recovered from the impression of the weird and mournful tale, and began to question its authenticity and to challenge its probability. I remember we all took part, in a sportive way, against Ellen and the legend. Our wish was, no doubt, to tease, harmlessly, the darling and spoiled child of the household, and also perhaps to atone to ourselves for having been for a time more completely under the spell of romance than we cared to acknowledge. But to start a discussion is like rolling a stone down-hill. It starts gently, sliding down grassy banks and springing daintily from mound to mound, then leaps with huge bounds, gaining force every instant, till it thunders from crag to crag, and crashes into the valley below. Our controversy grew warm and lively, almost bitter. Ellen was piqued and ruffled. She had told us one of her favorite tales, one which she had loved and dwelt upon, and which was grown to be almost a part of herself, and we had listened—and laughed. She had not the experience that riper years impart, and which would have made her suspect that our derision was in a measure defensive and overstrained; and she was vexed, and showed it. She was quite angry with her jeering brothers, but I came in for the full weight of her indignation.

"Why was I incredulous? Did I think woman's nature so frivolous and cowardly that nothing brave or self-devoted could be looked for from a woman?"

To this I replied, with provoking gravity, "That I thought the story a pretty one, but that it was as improbable as the adventures of King Arthur and his knights, and that I never saw or heard of any female capable of confronting so much risk and discomfort." Finally, I declared the "Lady of Cader Idris" a pure invention of some crack-brained harper. Ellen's scornful eyes flashed, and she tossed her golden ringlets as she turned away. All might have gone well had not some mischievous fiend whispered to me to improve my victory. So I did. I waxed very witty and satirical, and the company applauded, all but the Squire, who was asleep, and Ellen, who stamped her little foot angrily on the floor, exclaiming:

"I will show you that a woman dares do more than you fancy. I will go through this ordeal, that you believe impossible. We shall see who is right, you or I."

And she left the room at once. When she came back, half an hour later, she was quite calm and unruffled: she joined in the conversation as usual, and spoke pleasantly of the projects for pike fishing in the Llyn, for a late picnic to some celebrated point of view, and a ride to the county town. But there was a feverish restlessness in her air, and she broke off rapidly from talking on one subject to diverge to another. She sat down, when asked, to harp or piano, but she played but a few bars, and then rose again, saying she could not remember a tune. This change of manner caused me some concern, and I went up to her, and said, in a low tone,

"Ellen, are you ill?"

"Ill? No," she answered, in an abstracted manner, and moved away.

"You are not offended with me?" I began. "I did not mean—"

"No, I am not offended," she answered, with some constraint, and then began to take the keenest interest in the artificial flies Herbert was tying.

We exchanged no other word until every one had retired to rest, and it came to my turn to wish her "Good-night," as usual. She took my hand between her own little white fingers, and for a moment gazed in my face with a strange look that has haunted me ever since—that will haunt me to my dying hour. Sorrow, reproach, affection, and an undercurrent of firm but hidden determination, were blended in that glance—the *last* that I ever received from those fond blue eyes that I had hoped would be a sunshine in my home from youth till age. And her lips murmured the old trivial phrase, "Good-night," as if it had a new meaning. She turned away.

"Ellen!" said I, springing after her, "one moment, Ellen!"

She did not seem to hear. She glided from me, and was gone. One moment I stood irresolute. False pride made me ashamed of my anxiety. Even then, after the loss of one precious moment, I should have followed, but the Squire called to me, candle in hand, from his study door, to say something about to-morrow's pike-fishing, and the opportunity was lost—forever! What might not then have been the magic power of one word of real kindness and contrition?—it might have altered the whole current of an existence.

That has been one long and unavailing regret. But the word remained unspoken. I went to my chamber, a quaint room in one of the wings, close to the gray turret where, beneath its conical roof of slate, the alarm-bell hung. I slowly undressed, often drawing aside the curtains, often peering forth through the Elizabethan casement of diamond panes, many of which were darkened by the heavy growth of the rank ivy without. All was ghostly still in the garden below, where the stiff hedges of clipped holly, the terraces fringed with box-trees and hornbeam, and the broad, old-fashioned walks were white with moonshine. An owl was hooting in the wood, and the mastiff in the court-yard bayed mournfully from time to time, and rattled his chain. The moon was high and bright, but black clouds were sailing across the sky; and as I looked, a sudden glow lit up the horizon, as if a trap-door had been opened above some fiery gulf, then vanished as quickly. "There will be a storm to-night," I muttered, as I turned from the window for the last time. I was very ill-satisfied with myself, and, as often happens, I perversely chose to justify my own conduct by blaming poor Ellen. "She had no right to be so positive and so petulant," I said to myself. It augured ill for our future happiness that she should resent idle words so deeply. But in the morning I would speak to her, reason with her—in the morning? We are blind, blind!

My prediction that there would be a storm that night was fulfilled to the letter. A storm there was. I was awakened by a peal of thunder that sounded in my sleeping ears as if the trumpet of the archangel were calling sinners to judgment. Crash upon crash, roar upon roar, till the vault of heaven was full of the giant sound, and the strong stone mansion rocked like a living creature in fear. The blaze of the lightning, broad and bright, flooded the whole sky with an incessant lurid red, and between the stunning bursts of the thunder might be heard the howl of the wind and the hurtling of the hail and rain. An awful night! A night for shipwreck and ruin, and death of travelers on lonely moorland roads, and toppling down of gray steeples that had mocked at the gales of centuries! A grim, wild night! Presently the thunder died away, all but a sullen growl afar off, and the flashes ceased, and rain and wind went on lashing and tearing at the casement.

I fell asleep, and a strange dream I had. I dreamed of the high peak of Idris, with its storm-lashed terrace of mossy stone, the cairn of loose pebbles, and the rocky chair, deep cut in the very brow of the horrid cliff, with a yawning precipice below. And the chair was not empty. No. It had a tenant, and that tenant bore a female shape. I could see the white robe fluttering through the blackness of night, and the loosened hair, and the hand that was pressed to the eyes, as if to shut out some ghastly sight of things unspeakable, while its fellow grasped the rocky rim of the throne. Then the thunder bellowed overhead, and the lightning flashed in fiery forks and hissing zigzags, ringing the hill-top with a flaming diadem, blazing, red, and menacing, through the abyss below, and illuminating with a dreadful light that solitary form, alone amidst the wrath of the elements. The tempest broke in its might upon the peak of Idris; hail, rain, wind, swept the mountain as with a besom, and the pale form in the fantastic chair endured them all. Strange, unearthly shrieks were blended with the howl of the wind; wild and dismal pageants trooped by amidst the driving mists and sheets of blinding rain; and by one last glare of the lightning I saw the figure remove the hand that hid its face. The face of a young girl—of Ellen!—but so ghastly with terror, so full of agony and nameless horror, that I awoke, trembling and unnerved, with great heat-drops on my forehead, such as excessive bodily pain might have called forth. The storm still raged, but more feebly. Yes, it was subsiding now. I sank back again, but this time into a heavy, dreamless slumber. I woke in the golden, brilliant morning: the sky was blue, the birds were singing gayly, and the verdure of the country seemed fresher and fairer than before the storm. My spirits rose as I dressed; I was in the best of tempers, and I made a resolution that I would not chide Ellen for her willful conduct of the preceding evening, but would be very considerate and kind, and would even say I was sorry to have hurt her feelings by a careless word. I went down to the breakfast-room. The Squire was there, with his two elder daughters and his eldest son, while young Herbert came in with his fishing-rod a moment later. But no Ellen. The old butler brought in the urn, after we had exchanged a few remarks, and then, for the first time, Ellen's absence was commented upon.

"She is not usually the lazy one," said her father. "Owen, send up Miss Ellen's maid to let her know we are waiting breakfast."

The man went. We chatted on. But Owen came back with a blank look to say that the maid had found the door locked, and that she had knocked repeatedly, but without getting an answer.

This astonished us all.

"She must be ill!" cried Charlotte, the eldest sister, hastily leaving the room.

Soon she, too, came back to say that she had called aloud at the door, but that Ellen would not reply a word.

"Perhaps she has gone out," said Herbert. "The window in the oratory that opens out of her room leads right on to the terrace by the green-house, and then there are steps to the garden."

"Nonsense," said the Squire, knitting his brows, "that door has been locked these 50 years, and the key lost too. I'll go myself. I'm afraid she is ill."

We all went up in a body. Two or three of the servants were on the landing-place.

"I am afraid, Sir," said the lady's maid, half crying, "something's amiss. We can't hear a sound. It's all as still as death."

Something painful shot across all our minds as we heard this speech.

We neared the door; the Squire tapped.

"Ellen! Ellen, love! answer, my darling; are you ill?"

No reply.

Mr. Griffith set his strong shoulder against the door, and by a violent effort dashed it in. We entered. The room was tenantless—empty.

"She *has* gone out, after all!" cried Herbert, running to the old oratory, and pointing to the long disused door, now wide open.

"Miss Ellen must have gone out last night," stammered one of the women, "for the bed has not been touched."

Last night! In the storm! Impossible. Yet on tracking farther we found on the terrace a bow of ribbon, drenched and heavy with moisture. It had evidently been dropped by its owner—and all recognized it as Ellen's—on the previous night, before the rain began.

"She must be mad, my poor, poor child," groaned the Squire, "or is she playing us a trick? No, she never could have the heart to trifle with us in such a way."

Suddenly a horrid thought flashed across my mind. My dream! the dispute of the previous night—the strange resolve latent in Ellen's face as she took leave of me—all these came crowding back.

"I know where she is," I cried aloud. "I know it but too well. She is on the mountain, on Cader Idris, dead or mad by this, and I am the accursed cause."

"My poor fellow, your anxiety makes you talk wildly," said the Squire. "Cader Idris; how can she be there? Impossible!"

"She *is* there," cried I, in an accent of agonized conviction that none could resist; "she spoke of going through the ordeal of the rock-chair last evening; and I, fool that I was, have slept while she was perishing in the tempest. Follow me, and waste no time. For Heaven's dear love be quick, and bring restoratives, if in mercy it be not too late!"

My vehemence bore down all opposition. In less than five minutes we were hurrying to the foot of the mountain. But I outstripped them all. My heart was on fire, and my feet were gifted with unusual speed. Up, among the slippery shale and loose stones, up by bush and crag, by rock and water-course, and by tracks only trodden by the goat, and I stand panting on the terrace, a few feet of peak above, a yawning precipice below. My dream was too terribly realized. There, in the rock-hewn chair, in her muslin dress and mantle of gay plaid, both of them drenched and stained with rain and earth, lay Ellen, cold and dead! Her long fair hair half hid her pale face, and her little hands were tightly clasped together. I clasped her to my breast; I called wildly on her name; I parted the dank hair that hid her face, and on it I saw imprinted the same agony of fear, the same dark horror, as in my fatal dream. But she was dead, my dear, dear Ellen. And I think my heart must have broken then, as I saw her, forever. Since that day the world has been a prison to me.

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GRAND CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY REVIEW AT WASHINGTON ON SEPTEMBER 24, 1861.

GRAND CAVALRY REVIEW AT WASHINGTON.

One of the finest displays of cavalry and artillery ever witnessed upon this continent was made on Sept. 24 on the parade grounds one mile east of the Capitol. There were two thousand cavalry and eight batteries of artillery in line. Each battery consists of six pieces, making forty-eight pieces. About an equal proportion of 32-pound howitzers, Parrot rifled cannon, James's rifled cannon, and Napoleon guns constituted the character of the ordnance. The cavalry was under the command of General Stoneman, and the artillery under the command of General Barry, both aids to General M'Clellan, and detailed to the several services named. The whole was reviewed by Major-General M'Clellan at four o'clock. The General was accompanied by General Van Vleet, Quartermaster of the Department of the Potomac, Inspector-General Marcy, Captain Sykes and Captain Hudson, of General M'Clellan's staff, General Mansfield and staff, General Andrew Porter and staff, General Fitz-John Porter, General Meigs, General Keyes, General Smith, General Blenker and staff, including Prince Salm-Salm, and the Prince de Joinville and son and two nephews. This entire party accompanied the commanding General in the grand review. It was witnessed by at least five thousand people, and was highly satisfactory to General M'Clellan, to guests, and to the spectators generally.

The Prince de Joinville, Prince Salm-Salm, and other experienced military gentlemen from the classic fields of Europe, who have witnessed many military displays in their own countries, express their admiration of the appearance of our men, especially when they learned how short a time they had been mustered into service, and do not hesitate to say that they never witnessed a spectacle equal to it in Europe. The character of the ordnance and precision of manœuvres of our men elicited their enthusiastic applause.

The companies of regular cavalry on the ground, though indifferently equipped, showed good drill, and the raw volunteer regiments evidenced much improvement upon their condition when brought here a month since.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.—From Sketches by a Western Correspondent.—[See Page 646.]

THE DARKEST HOUR.

DESPAIR not, Poet, whose warm soul aspires
  To breathe the exalted atmosphere of fame;
Give thy heart words, but purify its fires,
  So that thy song may consecrate thy name;
Sing on, and hope, nor murmur that the crowd
  Are slow to hear and recognize thy lay:
Thy time will come if thou art well endow'd;
  The darkest hour is on the verge of day.

Despair not, Genius, wheresoe'er thou art,
  Whate'er the bent and purpose of thy mind;
Use thy great gifts with an unfailing heart,
  And wait till Fortune deigneth to be kind.
The world is tardy in its help and praise,
  And doubts and dangers may obstruct thy way,
But light oft pierces through the heaviest haze;
  The darkest hour is on the verge of day.

Despair not, Patriot, who in dreams sublime
  See'st for thy country glories yet unborn,
And fain wouldst chide the laggard wings of Time,
  Because they bring not the transcendent morn.
Be firm in thy devotion: hour by hour
  We seem to travel on a sunward way,
And what seems dubious now may yet be clear;
  The darkest hour is on the verge of day.

Despair not, Virtue, who in sorrow's hour
  Sigh'st to behold some idol overthrown,
And from the shade of thy domestic bower
  Some green branch gone, some bird of promise flown;
God chastens but to prove thy faithfulness,
  And in thy weakness He will be thy stay.
Trust and deserve, and He will soothe and bless;
  The darkest hour is on the verge of day.

Despair not, Man, however low thy state,
  Nor scorn small blessings that around thee fall;
Learn to disdain the impious creed of Fate,
  And own the Providence who governs all.
If thou art baffled in thy earnest will,
  Thy conscience clear, thy reason not astray,
Be this thy faith and consolation still—
  The darkest hour is on the verge of day.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXV.

MY intercourse with Margrave grew habitual and familiar. He came to my house every morning before sunrise; in the evenings we were again brought together: sometimes in the houses to which we were both invited, sometimes at his hotel, sometimes in my own home.

Nothing more perplexed me than his aspect of extreme youthfulness, contrasted with the extent of the travels, which, if he were to be believed, had left little of the known world unexplored. One day I asked him, bluntly, how old he was?

"How old do I look? How old should you suppose I was?"

"I should have guessed you to be about twenty, till you spoke of having come of age some years ago."

"Is it a sign of longevity when a man looks much younger than he is?"

"Conjoined with other signs, certainly!"

"Have I the other signs?"

"Yes, a magnificent, perhaps a matchless, constitutional organization. But you have evaded my question as to your age; perhaps it was an impertinence to put it?"

"No; I came of age—let me see—three years ago."

"So long since? Is it possible? I wish I had your secret!"

"Secret! What secret?"

"The secret of preserving so much of boyish freshness in the wear and tear of man-like passions and man-like thoughts."

"You are still young yourself—under forty?"

"Oh yes! some years under forty."

"And Nature gave you a much grander frame and a much finer symmetry of feature than she gave to me."

"Pooh! pooh! You have the beauty that must charm the eyes of woman, and that beauty in its sunny forenoon of youth. Happy man! if you love, and wish to be sure that you are loved again."

"What you call love—the unhealthy sentiment, the feverish folly—I left behind me, I think forever, when—"

"Ay, indeed—when?"

"I came of age!"

"Hoary cynic! and you despise love! So did I once. Your time may come."

"I think not. Does any animal, except man, love its fellow she-animal as man loves woman?"

"As man loves woman? No, I suppose not."

"And why should the subject-animals be wiser than their king? But, to return—you would like to have my youth and my careless enjoyment of youth?"

"Can you ask—who would not?" Margrave looked at me for a moment with unusual seriousness, and then, in the abrupt changes common to his capricious temperament, began to sing softly one of his barbaric chants—a chant different from any I had heard him sing before—made either by the modulation of his voice or the nature of the tune—so sweet that, little as music generally affected me, this thrilled to my very heart's core. I drew closer and closer to him, and murmured when he paused,

"Is not that a love-song?"

"No," said he, "it is the song by which the serpent-charmer charms the serpent."

CHAPTER XXVI.

INCREASED intimacy with my new acquaintance did not diminish the charm of his society, though it brought to light some startling defects both in his mental and moral organization. I have before said that his knowledge, though it had swept over a wide circuit and dipped into curious, unfrequented recesses, was desultory and erratic. It certainly was not that knowledge, sustained and aspiring, which the poet assures us is "the wing on which we mount to heaven." So, in his faculties themselves there were singular inequalities, or contradictions. His power of memory in some things seemed prodigious; but when examined it was seldom accurate; it could apprehend, but did not hold together with a binding grasp, what metaphysicians call "complex ideas." He thus seemed unable to put it to any steadfast purpose in the sciences of which it retained, vaguely and loosely, many recondite principles. For the sublime and beautiful in literature he had no taste whatever. A passionate lover of nature, his imagination had no response to the arts by which nature is expressed or idealized; wholly unaffected by poetry or painting. Of the fine arts, music alone attracted and pleased him. His conversation was often eminently suggestive, touching on much, whether in books or mankind, that set one thinking; but I never remember him to have uttered any of those noble or tender sentiments which come spontaneously to the lips of youth and blossom out from the wisdom which labor accords to genius.

In his character there seemed no special vices, no special virtues; but a wonderful vivacity, joyousness, animal good-humor. He was singularly temperate, having a dislike to wine, perhaps from that purity of taste which belongs to health absolutely perfect. No healthful child likes alcohols, no animal, except man, prefers wine to water.

But his main moral defect seemed to me in a want of sympathy, even where he professed attachment. He who could feel so acutely for himself, be unmanned at the bite of a squirrel, and sob at the thought that he should one day die, was as callous to the sufferings of another as a deer who deserts and butts from him a wounded comrade.

I give an instance of this hardness of heart where I should have least expected to find it in him.

He had met and joined me as I was walking to visit a patient on the outskirts of the town, when we fell in with a group of children, just let loose for an hour or two from their day-school. Some of these children joyously recognized him as having played with them at their homes; they ran up to him, and he seemed as glad as themselves at the meeting.

He suffered them to drag him along with them, and became as merry and sportive as the youngest of the troop.

"Well," said I, laughing, "if you are going to play at leap-frog, pray don't let it be on the high road, or you will be run over by carts and draymen; see that meadow just in front to the left—off with you there!"

"With all my heart," cried Margrave, "while you pay your visit. Come along, boys."

A little urchin, not above six years old, but who was lame, began to cry, he could not run—he should be left behind.

Margrave stooped. "Climb on my shoulder, little one, and I'll be your horse."

The child dried its tears, and delightedly obeyed.

"Certainly," said I, to myself, "Margrave, after all, must have a nature as gentle as it is simple. What other young man, so courted by all the allurements that steal innocence from pleasure, would stop in the thoroughfares to play with children?"

The thought had scarcely passed through my mind when I heard a scream of agony. Margrave had leaped the railing that divided the meadow from the road, and in so doing the poor child, perched on his shoulder, had, perhaps from surprise or fright, loosened its hold and fallen heavily. Its cries were piteous. Margrave clapped his hands to his ears—uttered an exclamation of anger—and not even stopping to lift up the boy, or examine what the hurt was, called to the other children to come on, and was soon rolling with them on the grass, and pelting them with daisies. When I came up only one child remained by the sufferer—its little brother, a year older than itself. The child had fallen on its arm, which was not broken, but violently contused. The pain must have been intense. I carried the child to its home, and had to remain there some time. I did not see Margrave till the next morning, when he then called. I felt so indignant that I could scarcely speak to him. When at last I rebuked him for his inhumanity he seemed surprised, with difficulty remembered the circumstance, and then merely said—as if it were the most natural confession in the world—

"Oh, nothing so discordant as a child's wail. I hate discords. I am pleased with the company of children; but they must be children who laugh and play. Well! why do you look at me in that way? What have I said to shock you?"

"Shock me—you shock manhood itself! Go; I can't talk to you now. I am busy."

But he did not go; and his voice was so sweet, and his ways so winning, that disgust insensibly melted into that sort of forgiveness one accords (let me repeat the illustration) to the deer that forsakes its comrade. The poor thing knows no better. And what a graceful, beautiful thing *this* was!

The fascination—I can give it no other name—which Margrave exercised was not confined to me, it was universal—old, young, high, low, man, woman, child, all felt it. Never in Low Town had stranger, even the most distinguished by fame, met with a reception so cordial—so flattering. His frank confession that he was a natural son, far from being to his injury, served to interest people more in him, and to prevent all those inquiries in regard to his connections and antecedents, which would otherwise have been afloat. To be sure, he was evidently rich, at least he had plenty of money. He lived in the best rooms in the principal hotel; was very hospitable; entertained the families with whom he had grown intimate; made them bring their children—music and dancing after dinner. Among the houses in which he had established familiar acquaintance was that of the mayor of the town, who had bought Dr. Lloyd's collection of subjects in natural history. To that collection the mayor had added largely by a very recent purchase. He had arranged these various specimens, which his last acquisitions had enriched by the interesting carcasses of an ugly elephant and a still uglier hippopotamus, in a large wooden building contiguous to his dwelling, and which had been constructed by a former proprietor (a retired fox-hunter) as a riding-house. And being a man who much affected the diffusion of knowledge, he proposed to open this museum to the admiration of the general public, and at his death to bequeath it to the Athenæum or Literary Institute of his native town. Margrave, seconded by the influence of the mayor's daughters, had scarcely been three days at L—— before he had persuaded this excellent and public-spirited functionary to inaugurate the opening of his museum by the popular ceremony of a ball. A temporary corridor should unite the drawing-rooms, which were on the ground-floor, with the building that contained the collection; and thus the fête would be elevated above the frivolous character of a fashionable amusement, and consecrated to the solemnization of an intellectual institute. Dazzled by the brilliancy of this idea, the mayor announced his intention to give a ball that should include the surrounding neighborhood, and be worthy, in all expensive respects, of the dignity of himself and the occasion. A night had been fixed for the ball—a night that became memorable indeed to me! The entertainment was anticipated with a lively interest, in which even the Hill condescended to share. The Hill did not much patronize mayors in general; but when a mayor gave a ball for a purpose so patriotic, and on a scale so splendid, the Hill liberally acknowledged that Commerce was, on the whole, a thing which the Eminence might, now and then, condescend to acknowledge without absolutely derogating from the rank which Providence had assigned to it among the High Places of earth. Accordingly the Hill was permitted by its Queen to honor the first magistrate of Low Town by a promise to attend his ball. Now, as this festivity had originated in the suggestion of Margrave, so, by a natural association of ideas, every one, in talking of the ball, talked also of Margrave.

The Hill had at first affected to ignore a stranger whose début had been made in the mercantile circle of Low Town. But the Queen of the Hill now said, sententiously, "This new man in a few days has become a Celebrity. It is the policy of the Hill to adopt Celebrities, if the Celebrities pay respect to the Proprieties. Dr. Fenwick is requested to procure Mr. Margrave the advantage of being known to the Hill.

I found it somewhat difficult to persuade Margrave to accept the Hill's condescending overture. He seemed to have a dislike to all societies pretending to aristocratic distinction,—a dislike expressed with a fierceness so unwonted that it made one suppose he had at some time or other been subjected to mortification by the supercilious airs that blow upon heights so elevated. However, he yielded to my instances, and accompanied me one evening to Mrs. Poyntz's house. The Hill was encamped there for the occasion. Mrs. Poyntz was exceedingly civil to him, and after a few commonplace speeches, hearing that he was fond of music, consigned him to the caressing care of Miss Brabazon, who was at the head of the musical department in the Queen of the Hill's administration.

Mrs. Poyntz retired to her favorite seat near the window, inviting me to sit beside her; and while she knitted in silence, in silence my eye glanced toward Margrave in the midst of the group assembled round the piano.

Whether he was in more than usually high spirits, or whether he was actuated by a malign and impish desire to upset the established laws of decorum by which the gayeties of the Hill were habitually subdued into a serene and somewhat pensive pleasantness, I know not; but it was not many minutes before the orderly aspect of the place was grotesquely changed.

Miss Brabazon having come to the close of a complicated and dreary sonata, I heard Margrave abruptly ask her if she could play the Tarantella, that famous Neapolitan air which is founded on the legendary belief that the bite of the tarantula excites an irresistible desire to dance. On that high-bred spinster's confession that she was ignorant of the air, and had not even heard of the legend, Margrave said, "Let me play it to you, with variations of my own." Miss Brabazon graciously yielded her place at the instrument. Margrave seated himself—there was great curiosity to hear his performance. Margrave's fingers rushed over the keys, and there was a general start, the prelude was so unlike any known combination of harmonious sounds. Then he began a chant—song I can scarcely call it—words certainly not in Italian, perhaps in some uncivilized tongue, perhaps in impromptu gibberish. And the torture of the instrument now commenced in good earnest: it shrieked, it groaned; wilder and noisier. Beethoven's Storm, roused by the fell touch of a German pianist, were mild in comparison; and the mighty voice, dominating the anguish of the cracking keys, had the full diapason of a chorus. Certainly I am no judge of music, but to my ear the discord was terrific—to the ears of better informed amateurs it seemed ravishing. All were spell-bound; even Mrs. Poyntz paused from her knitting, as the Fates paused from their web at the lyre of Orpheus. To this breathless delight, however, soon succeeded a general desire for movement. To my amazement, I beheld these formal matrons and sober fathers of families forming themselves into a dance, turbulent as a children's ball at Christmas. And when, suddenly desisting from his music, Margrave started up, caught the skeleton hand of lean Miss Brabazon, and whirled her into the centre of the dance, I could have fancied myself at a witch's sabbat. My eye turned in scandalized alarm toward Mrs. Poyntz. That great creature seemed as much astounded as myself. Her eyes were fixed on the scene in a stare of positive stupor. For the first time, no doubt, in her life she was overcome, deposed, dethroned. The awe of her presence was literally whirled away. The dance ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Darting from the galvanized mummy whom he had selected as his partner, Margrave shot to Mrs. Poyntz's side, and said, "Ten thousand pardons for quitting you so soon, but the clock warns me that I have an engagement elsewhere." In another moment he was gone.

The dance halted, people seemed slowly returning to their senses, looking at each other bashfully and ashamed.

"I could not help it, dear," sighed Miss Brabazon at last, sinking into a chair, and casting her deprecating, fainting eyes upon the hostess.

"It is witchcraft," said fat Mrs. Bruce, wiping her forehead.

"Witchcraft!" echoed Mrs. Poyntz, "it does indeed look like it. An amazing and portentous exhibition of animal spirits, and not to be endured by the Proprieties. Where on earth can that young savage have come from?"

"From savage lands," said I. "So he says."

"Do not bring him here again," said Mrs. Poyntz. "He would soon turn the Hill topsy-turvy. But how charming! I should like to see more of him," she added, in an under voice, "if he would call on me some morning, and not in the presence of those for whose Proprieties I am responsible. Jane must be out on her ride with the Colonel."

Margrave never again attended the patrician festivities of the Hill. Invitations were poured upon him, especially by Miss Brabazon and the other old maids, but in vain.

"Those people," said he, "are too tame and civilized for me; and so few young persons among them. Even that girl Jane is only young on the surface; inside, as old as the World or her mother. I like youth, real youth—I am young, I am young!"

And, indeed, I observed that he would attach himself to some young person, often to some child, as if with cordial and special favor, yet for not more than an hour or so, never distinguishing them by the same preference when he next met them. I made that remark to him, in rebuke of his fickleness, one evening when he had found me at work on my ambitious book, reducing to rule and measure the Laws of Nature.

"It is not fickleness," said he, "it is necessity."

"Necessity! Explain yourself."

"I seek to find what I have not found," said he; "it is my necessity to seek it, and among the young; and disappointed in one, I turn to the other. Necessity again. But find it at last I must."

"I suppose you mean what the young usually seek in the young; and if, as you said the other day, you have left love behind you, you now wander back to re-find it."

"Tush! If I may judge by the talk of young fools, love may be found every day by him who looks out for it. What I seek is among the rarest of all discoveries. You might aid me to find it, and in so doing aid yourself to a knowledge far beyond all that your formal experiments can bestow."

"Prove your words, and command my services," said I, smiling somewhat disdainfully.

"You told me that you had examined into the alleged phenomena of animal magnetism, and proved some persons who pretend to the gift which the Scotch call second sight to be bungling impostors. You were right. I have seen the clairvoyants who drive their trade in this town; a common gipsy could beat them in their own calling. But your experience must have shown you that there are certain temperaments in which the gift of the Pythoness is stored, unknown to the possessor, undetected by the common observer; but the signs of which should be as apparent to the modern physiologist as they were to the ancient priest."

"I at least, as a physiologist, am ignorant of the signs—what are they?"

"I should despair of making you comprehend them by mere verbal description. I could guide your observation to distinguish them unerringly were living subjects before us. But not one in a million has the gift to an extent available for the purposes to which the wise would apply it. Many have imperfect glimpses; few, few indeed, the unveiled, lucent sight. They who have but the imperfect glimpses mislead and dupe the minds that consult them, because, being sometimes marvelously right, they excite a credulous belief in their general accuracy; and as they are but translators of dreams in their own brain, their assurances are no more to be trusted than are the dreams of commonplace sleepers. But where the gift exists to perfection, he who knows how to direct and to profit by it should be able to discover all that he desires to know for the guidance and preservation of his own life. He will be forewarned of every danger, forearmed in the means by which danger is avoided. For

the eye of the true Pythoness matter has no obstruction, space no confines, time no measurement."

"My dear Margrave, you may well say that creatures so gifted are rare; and for my part, I would as soon search for a unicorn as, to use your affected expression, for a Pythoness."

"Nevertheless, whenever there come across the course of your practice some young creature to whom all the evil of the world is as yet unknown, to whom the ordinary cares and duties of the world are strange and unwelcome; who from the earliest dawn of reason has loved to sit apart and to muse; before whose eyes visions pass unsolicited; who converses with those who are not dwellers on the earth, and beholds in the space landscapes which the earth does not reflect—"

"Margrave, Margrave! of whom do you speak?"

"Whose frame, though exquisitely sensitive, has still a health and a soundness in which you recognize no disease; whose mind has a truthfulness that you know can not deceive you, and a simple intelligence too clear to deceive itself; who is moved to a mysterious degree by all the varying aspects of external nature—innocently joyous, or unaccountably sad; when, I say, such a being comes across your experience, inform me; and the chances are that the true Pythoness is found."

I had listened with vague terror, and with more than one exclamation of amazement, to descriptions which brought Lilian Ashleigh before me; and I now sat mute, bewildered, breathless, gazing upon Margrave, and rejoicing that at least Lilian he had never seen.

He returned my own gaze steadily, searchingly, and then, breaking into a slight laugh, resumed:

"You call my word 'Pythoness' affected. I know of no other. My recollections of classic anecdote and history are confused and dim; but somewhere I have read or heard that the priests of Delphi were accustomed to travel chiefly into Thrace or Thessaly in search of the virgins who might fitly administer their oracles, and that the oracles gradually ceased in repute as the priests became unable to discover the organization requisite in the priestesses, and supplied by craft and imposture, or by such imperfect fragmentary developments as belong now to professional clairvoyants, the gifts which Nature failed to afford. Indeed, the demand was one that must have rapidly exhausted so limited a supply. The constant stretch upon faculties so wearing to the vital functions in their relentless exercise, under the artful stimulants by which the priests heightened their power, was mortal, and no Pythoness ever retained her life more than three years from the time that her gift was elaborately trained and developed."

"Pooh! I know of no classical authority for the details you so confidently cite. Perhaps some such legends may be found in the Alexandrian writers; but those mystics are no authority on such a subject. After all," I added, recovering from my first surprise or awe, "the Delphic oracles were proverbially ambiguous, and their responses might be read either way, a proof that the priests dictated the verses, though their arts on the unhappy priestess might throw her into real convulsions, and the real convulsions, not the false gift, might shorten her life. Enough of such idle subjects! Yet no! one question more. If you found your Pythoness, what then?"

"What then? Why through her aid I might discover the process of an experiment which your practical science would assist me to complete."

"Tell me of what kind is your experiment; and precisely because such little science as I possess is exclusively practical, I may assist you without the help of the Pythoness."

Margrave was silent for some minutes, passing his hand several times across his forehead, which was a frequent gesture of his, and then rising, he answered, in weary, listless accents:

"I can not say more now, my brain is fatigued; and you are not yet in the right mood to hear me. By-the-way, how close and reserved you are with me."

"How so?"

"You never told me that you were engaged to be married. You leave me, who thought to have won your friendship, to hear what concerns you so intimately from a comparative stranger."

"Who told you?"

"That woman with eyes that pry and lips that scheme, to whose house you took me."

"Mrs. Poyntz! Is it possible? When?"

"This afternoon. I met her in the street—she stopped me and, after some unmeaning talk, asked 'if I had seen you lately; if I did not find you very absent and distracted; no wonder—you were in love. The young lady was away on a visit, and wooed by a dangerous rival.'"

"Wooed by a dangerous rival!"

"Very rich, good-looking, young. Do you fear him? You turn pale."

"I do not fear, except so far as he who loves truly loves humbly, and fears not that another may be preferred, but that another may be worthier than himself. But that Mrs. Poyntz should tell you all this does amaze me. Did she mention the name of the young lady?"

"Yes; Lilian Ashleigh. Henceforth be more frank with me. Who knows? I may help you. Adieu!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN Margrave had gone I glanced at the clock—not yet nine. I resolved to go at once to Mrs. Poyntz. It was not an evening on which she received, but doubtless she would see me. She owed me an explanation. How thus carelessly divulge a secret she had been enjoined to keep? and this rival, of whom I was ignorant? It was no longer a matter of wonder that Margrave should have described Lilian's peculiar idiosyncrasies in his sketch of his fabulous Pythoness. Doubtless Mrs. Poyntz had, with unpardonable levity of indiscretion, revealed all of which she disapproved in my choice. But for what object? Was this her boasted friendship for me? Was it consistent with the regard she professed for Mrs. Ashleigh and Lilian? Occupied by these perplexed and indignant thoughts, I arrived at Mrs. Poyntz's house, and was admitted to her presence. She was fortunately alone; her daughter and the Colonel had gone to some party on the Hill. I would not take the hand she held out to me on entrance; seated myself in stern displeasure, and proceeded at once to inquire if she had really betrayed to Mr. Margrave the secret of my engagement to Lilian.

"Yes, Allen Fenwick; I have this day told not only Mr. Margrave, but every person I met who is likely to tell it to some one else, the secret of your engagement to Lilian Ashleigh. I never promised to conceal it; on the contrary, I wrote word to Anne Ashleigh that I would therein act as my own judgment counseled me. I think my words to you were that 'public gossip was sometimes the best security for the fulfillment of private engagements.'"

"Do you mean that Mrs. or Miss Ashleigh recoils from the engagement with me, and that I should meanly compel them to fulfill it by calling in the public to censure them—if—if— Oh, madam, this is worldly artifice indeed!"

"Be good enough to listen to me quietly. I have never yet showed you the letter to Mrs. Ashleigh, written by Lady Haughton, and delivered by Mr. Vigors. That letter I will now show to you; but before doing so I must enter into a preliminary explanation. Lady Haughton is one of those women who love power, and can not obtain it except through wealth and station—by her own intellect never obtain it. When her husband died she was reduced from an income of twelve thousand a year to a jointure of twelve hundred, but with the exclusive guardianship of a young son, a minor, and adequate allowances for the charge; she continued, therefore, to preside as mistress over the establishments in town and country; still had the administration of her son's wealth and rank. She stinted his education in order to maintain her ascendency over him. He became a brainless prodigal—spendthrift alike of health and fortune. Alarmed, she saw that probably he would die young and a beggar; his only hope of reform was in marriage. She reluctantly resolved to marry him to a penniless, well-born, soft-minded young lady whom she knew she could control: just before this marriage was to take place he died, from a mad steeple-chase, in a drunken fit. The Haughton estate passed to his cousin, the luckiest young man alive; the same Ashleigh Sumner who had already succeeded, in default of male issue, to poor Gilbert Ashleigh's landed possessions. Over this young man Lady Haughton could expect no influence. She would be a stranger in his house. She then suddenly remembered that she had a beautiful niece. Of that fact Mr. Vigors reminded her. Mr. Vigors and she both thought it would be an excellent thing to bring Ashleigh Sumner and Lilian together. Hence the invitation, and hence my advice to you to secure the hand of Lilian before that invitation is accepted. Now glance at this letter."

Mrs. Poyntz here went to her bureau, found and gave to me Lady Haughton's note to Mrs. Ashleigh.

It was short, couched in conventional terms of hollow affection. The writer blamed herself for having so long neglected her brother's widow and child; her heart had been wrapped up too much in the son she had lost; that loss had made her turn to the ties of blood still left to her; she had heard much of Lilian from their common friend, Mr. Vigors; she longed to embrace so charming a niece. Then followed the invitation and the postscript. The postscript ran thus, so far as I can remember: "Whatever my own grief at my irreparable bereavement, I am no egotist, I keep my sorrow to myself. You will find some pleasant guests at my house, among others our joint connection, young Ashleigh Sumner."

"Woman's postscripts are proverbial for their significance," said Mrs. Poyntz, when I had concluded the letter and laid it on the table; "and if I did not at once show you this hypocritical effusion, it was simply because at the name Ashleigh Sumner its object became transparent, not perhaps to poor Anne Ashleigh nor to innocent Lilian, but to my knowledge of the parties concerned, and to that shrewd intelligence which you derive partly from nature, partly from the insight into life which a true physician can not fail to acquire. And if I know any thing of you, you would have romantically said, 'Let me not shackle the choice of the woman I love, and to whom an alliance so coveted in the eyes of the world might, if she be left free, be proffered.'"

"I should not have gathered from the postscript all that you see in it, but had its purport been so suggested to me, you are right, I should have so said. Well, and as Mr. Margrave tells me that you informed him that I have a rival, I am now to conclude that that rival is Mr. Ashleigh Sumner?"

"Has not Mrs. Ashleigh or Lilian mentioned him in writing to you?"

"Yes, both; Lilian very slightly; Mrs. Ashleigh with some praise, as a young man of high character, and very courteous to her."

"Yet, though I asked you to come and tell me who were the guests at Lady Haughton's, you never did so."

"Pardon me; but of the guests I thought nothing, and letters addressed to my heart seemed to me too sacred to talk about. And Ashleigh Sumner then courts Lilian! How do you know?"

"I know every thing that concerns me; and here the explanation is simple. My aunt, Lady Delafield, is staying with Lady Haughton. Lady Delafield is one of the women of fashion who shine by their own light; Lady Haughton shines by borrowed light, and borrows every ray she can find."

"And Lady Delafield writes you word—"

"That Ashleigh Sumner is caught by Lilian's beauty."

"And Lilian herself—"

"Women like Lady Delafield do not readily believe that any girl would refuse Ashleigh Sumner; considered in himself, he is steady and good-looking; considered as owner of Kirby Hall and Haughton Park, he has, in the eyes of any sensible mother, the virtues of Cato, and the beauty of Antinous."

I pressed my hand to my heart—close to my heart lay a letter from Lilian—and there was no word in that letter which showed that *her* heart was gone from mine. I shook my head gently, and smiled in confiding triumph.

Mrs. Poyntz surveyed me with a bent brow and a compressed lip.

"I understand your smile," she said, ironically. "Very likely Lilian may be quite untouched by this young man's admiration, but Anne Ashleigh may be dazzled by so brilliant a prospect for her daughter. And, in short, I thought it desirable to let your engagement be publicly known throughout the town to-day; that information will travel—it will reach Ashleigh Sumner through Mr. Vigors, or others in this neighborhood, with whom I know that he corresponds. It will bring affairs to a crisis, and before it may be too late. I think it well that Ashleigh Sumner should leave that house; if he leaves it for good so much the better. And, perhaps, the sooner Lilian returns to L—— the lighter your own heart will be."

"And for these reasons you have published the secret of—"

"Your engagement? Yes. Prepare to be congratulated wherever you go. And now, if you hear, either from mother or daughter, that Ashleigh Sumner has proposed, and been, let us say, refused, I do not doubt that in the pride of your heart you will come and tell me."

"Rely upon it, I will; but before I take my leave allow me to ask why you described to a young man like Mr. Margrave—whose wild and strange humors you have witnessed and not approved—any of those traits of character in Miss Ashleigh which distinguish her from other girls of her age?"

"I? You mistake. I said nothing to him of her character. I mentioned her name, and said she was beautiful, that was all."

"Nay, you said that she was fond of musing, of solitude; that in her fancies she believed in the reality of visions which might flit before her eyes as they flit before the eyes of all imaginative dreamers."

"Not a word did I say to Mr. Margrave of such peculiarities in Lilian; not a word more than what I have told you, on my honor!"

Still incredulous, but disguising my incredulity with that convenient smile by which we accomplish so much of the polite dissimulation indispensable to the decencies of civilized life, I took my departure, returned home, and wrote to Lilian.

OUR ARMY AT FORT PICKENS.

WE illustrate on page 645 the BURNING OF THE DRY DOCK OPPOSITE PENSACOLA, and on page 641 the CUTTING OUT OF THE PRIVATEER SCHOONER "JUDITH," by a party from Fort Pickens. A letter from Pensacola thus describes the first transaction:

On the night of the 31st of August Colonel Brown got an inkling of the design of the rebels to sink the dry dock lower down in the channel, from the unusual stir at the Navy-yard, the frequent passage of boats to and from the shore, conveying, what afterward proved to be fuel for the furnaces, to the dock, etc. His plans to defeat the accomplishment of the purpose which the enemy had in view were quickly formed. Selecting one of his most trusty officers, Lieutenant Shipley, he gave him orders to hold himself in readiness with a crew of picked men, to man a boat the following night, cautiously to approach the dry dock, land upon and set fire to it, then retreat as speedily as possible for the fort.

A few minutes after "tattoo" (nine o'clock) Lieutenant Shipley left the beach in front of the fort in a boat with eleven picked men, rowing noiselessly for the dry dock.

The boat reached the dock without being challenged, was made fast, when the men sprang up prepared to encounter and overcome the sentries, who had often been seen stationed upon it at night; none were found, however, and they proceeded to accomplish their work. Combustible material of various kinds had been prepared and brought along, together with three large Columbiad shells. These were placed in the boilers. The combustibles properly arranged, word was given for the men to go aboard the boat, Lieutenant Shipley remaining to apply the match, which done, he quickly followed in their wake. Scarcely had a distance of twenty yards from the doomed structure been gained by the gallant little band when the flames burst forth, followed almost immediately by the explosion of the shells, which filled the air with fragments that fell in a perfect shower around the retreating boat, but fortunately injuring none of its crew.

The "cutting out" is thus described in a letter to the New York *Times:*

The affair occurred on the night of the 13th inst. A large schooner had for several days been observed in the harbor, near the Navy-yard, whose motions led to the suspicion that she was fitted out as a privateer, and intended to attempt to run the blockade. Information obtained from a deserter rendered these suspicions a certainty, and it was also ascertained that she was moored under a new battery being erected on one of the wharves, in which a Columbiad had already been mounted. It being determined to "cut out" the privateer and burn her, and also to render useless the guns of the battery, an expedition set out on the night beforementioned, on board the first launch, and the first, second, and third cutters of the *Colorado*, to carry out the desperate undertaking. The boats, with muffled oars, proceeded up the harbor to a point a little above the Navy-yard, when their course was changed, and they made all headway direct for the schooner and the battery. The men in the launch and second cutter were to board and burn the schooner, and those in the first and third cutters were to land, charge the battery, and spike the Columbiad. These respective duties were accomplished in the most gallant manner. The "big gun" was disabled without the loss of a man; but the party boarding the schooner lost three men killed and a number wounded, a most galling fire being poured into each boat as it approached. When the schooner had been so effectually set on fire that she could not be saved, the boats hauled off again, and proceeded back to the *Colorado*—not, however, without giving the crowd of rebels who had, by this time, assembled on the wharf a parting salute of canister. The number of rebels killed in this encounter is not known, but it must have been considerable. A negro, who deserted to one of our vessels, subsequently reported the number at thirty.

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